

# walden '74











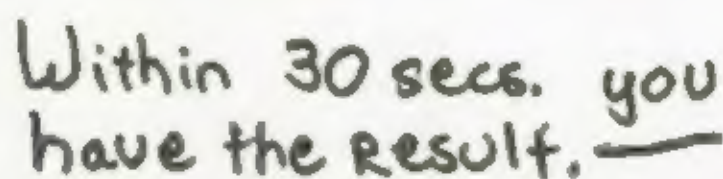
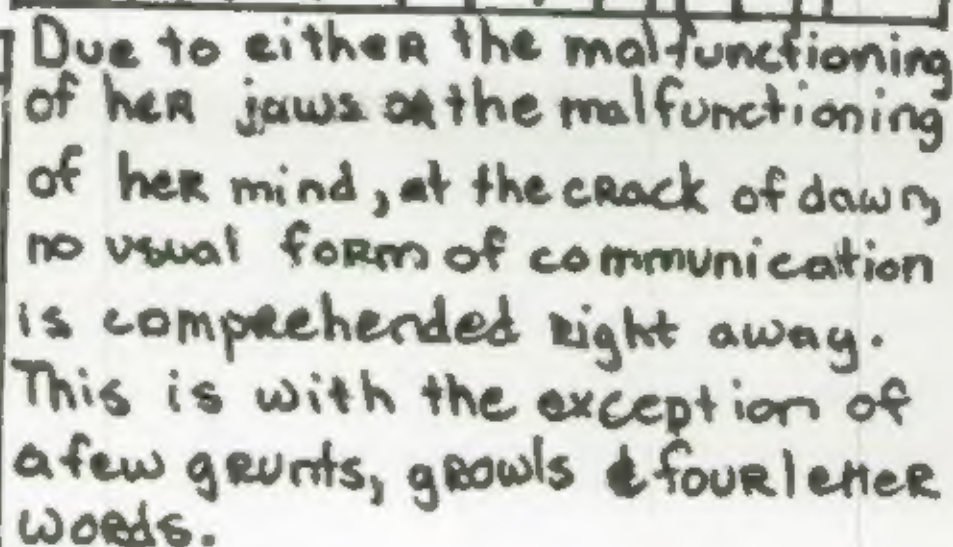




BY KELLY E CHAPMAN  
© CHELSEA NORMAN

9. CHELSEA NORMAN

ZZZZ!! Goddamn  
that alarm clock!!!!





## CHAPTER 2

# NOW OR NEVER OR... TABACCA ROAD

Soon after ascending from a blank state of oblivion, our friend finds herself faced with a major decision. This decision may seem like a minute portion of the day, but actually it is at this time that Alice B. must decide on, what seems to her, a matter of life & death.

To make a break...  
or go straight?  
That is the question!



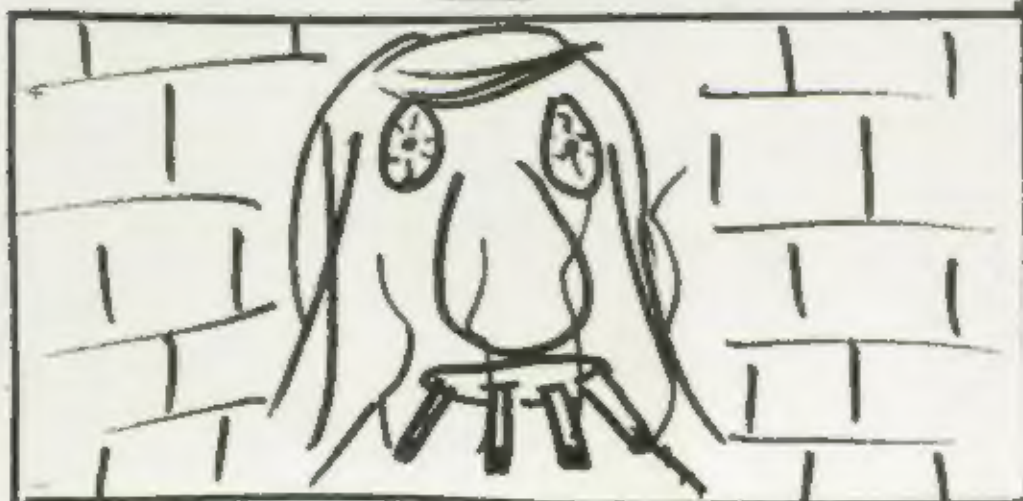
Whether 'tis nobler in mind  
to suffer the frustrations and  
countless hours of this asylum  
called a school.

Or to take arms against  
this institution of madness?

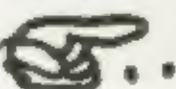


To go home & sleep or stay & bear  
the heartache and the drudgeries  
brought upon us here.

But ALAS, I haven't been here in  
so long & I must go to the office



First, I gotta go smoke  
another cigarette!





# CHAPTER 3

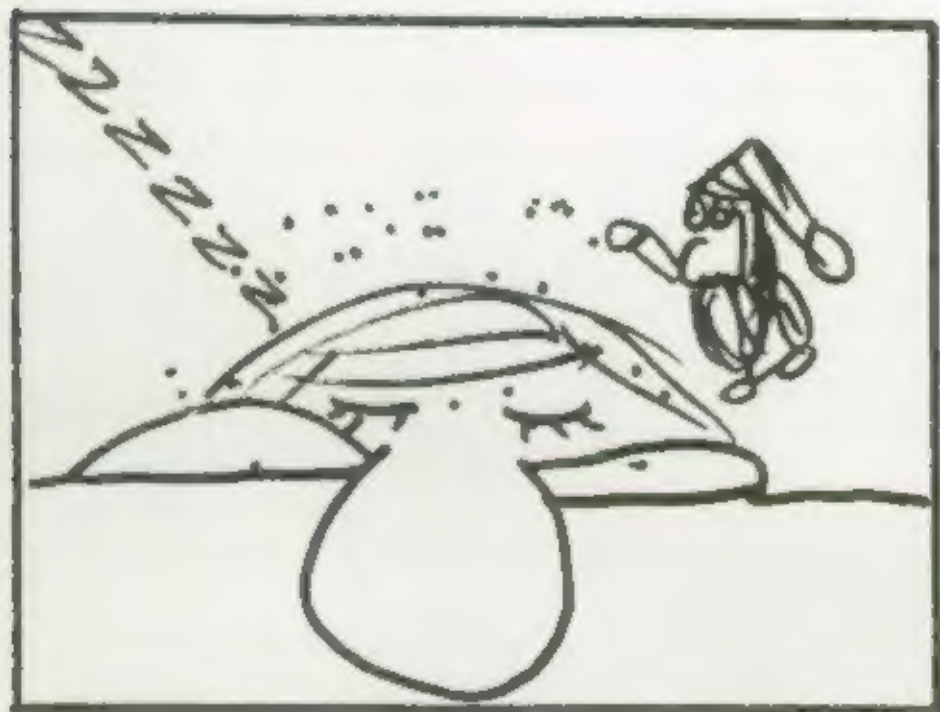
1<sup>ST</sup> PERIOD OR...

## THE SANDMAN STRIKES AGAIN

As Alice B. Minus approaches the door to her 1<sup>st</sup> period room, she resumes that drowsy, uninterested frame of mind which always accompanies her to classes. She forces herself to close her eyes and ears to the luring call of the Sirens. She turns away from the seductive stairs which chant their song for sunny skies & freedom.



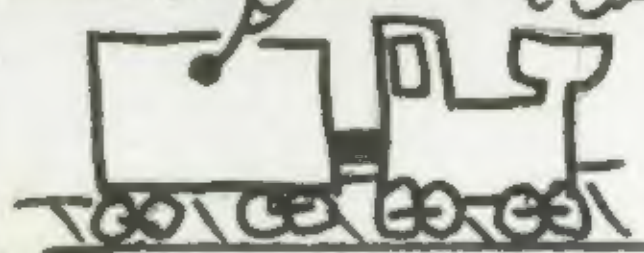
Alice reaches her dreaded destination & finds it no different than 3 weeks ago, the last time she was there. The students are already busy at their intent research on the grain of the desks, & the teacher is deeply involved in her lecture...



Rock-a-bye Lincoln in the  
Douglas debates.  
And after that he became  
presidate.

When the states broke, Davis  
did call,

"Down with you Yankees,  
Lincoln & all!"





# CHAPTER 4

## ANOTE UPOR SECRET STORY

The 9:10 alarmclock rings & 1<sup>st</sup> period is over. Rubbing their eyes & yawning, Alice's fellow classmates arise & stumble to their next class, like bears coming out of hibernation. But Alice, more fortunate than her friends, awakens with childish anticipations of going to the circus. Because in all actuality Mr. Gifford's class is a circus & Mr. Gifford a clown.

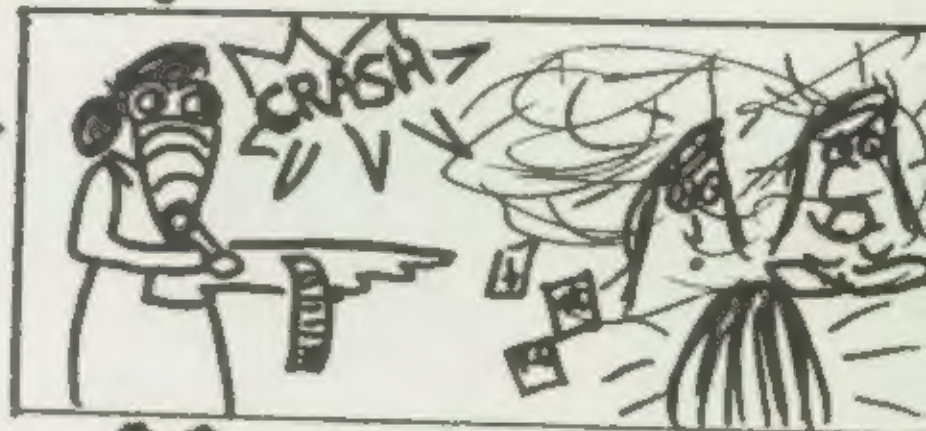


By the time Alice got there, the fun & games had already begun.

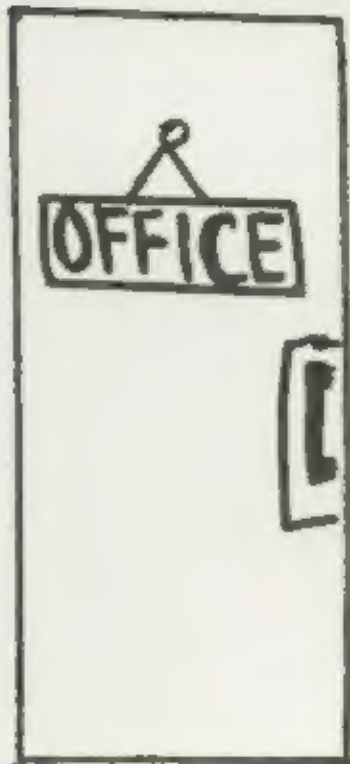


But even Mr. Gifford's class got to be too long. Due to the paper shortage, Trashcan Basketball was gone. Mr. Gifford became too numb. So Pin the Tail on the Teacher lost its fun. No more Cowboys & Indians, they burned the last bookey. So Alice got bored & decided to play hookey.

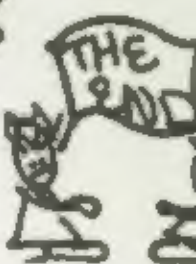
Out of pure desperation & understandable depression, Alice went down to Wingy's Joint, also known as the 1<sup>st</sup> floor bathroom. But it was all as she expected; crap game to the left, 5-card stud to the right, and wall to wall chicks. All secretly & safely concealed under a thick, dense cloud of smoke. And



SUDDENLY..... "REACH FOR THE SKY!!!"



What will happen to our fearless friend?  
Are her days near at end?  
Oh woe'st me, Oh woe'st Alice!  
Licks can't hurt her, she's got a callous  
Will she be sentenced to the Rack?  
Or doomed to exile in the S.A.C.?  
From the gallows will she hang  
Or before the firing squad. BANG, BANG, BANG!  
These consequences must be prevented.  
Maybe she'll be lucky & just get suspended.  
Will Alice B. Minus ever come through  
We sure don't know, we thought we knew.



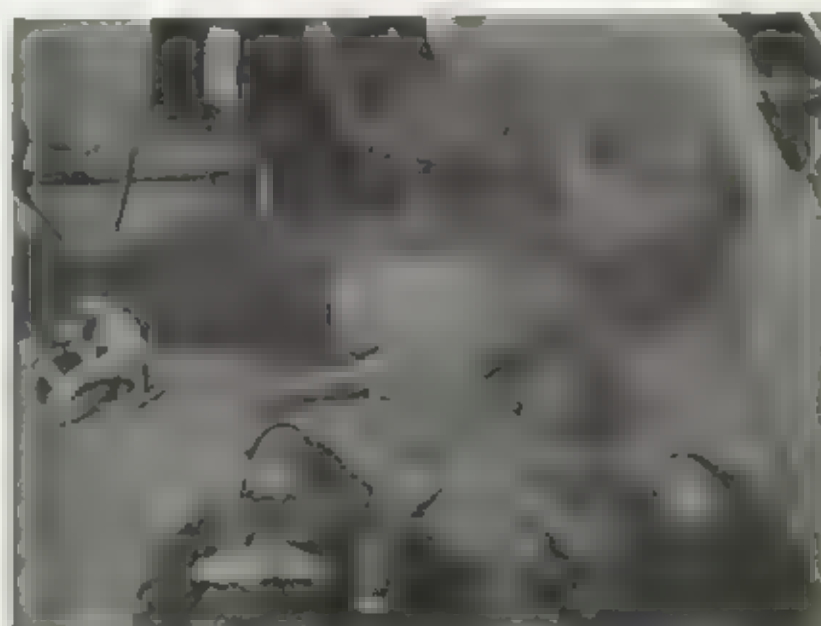






in which we learned how  
to relax our bodies and minds,  
how crazy people act, and  
how crazy teachers act.  
Jean's <sup>Psychology</sup> ~~Spanish~~ Class

Jean Fleming—





3  
A  
T  
I



Bill Torenko

Suzanne takes  
your hand and  
leads you to  
the river. She  
is wearing  
rags and  
flowers  
from  
Salvation  
Army coun-  
ters, and  
the sun  
pours down

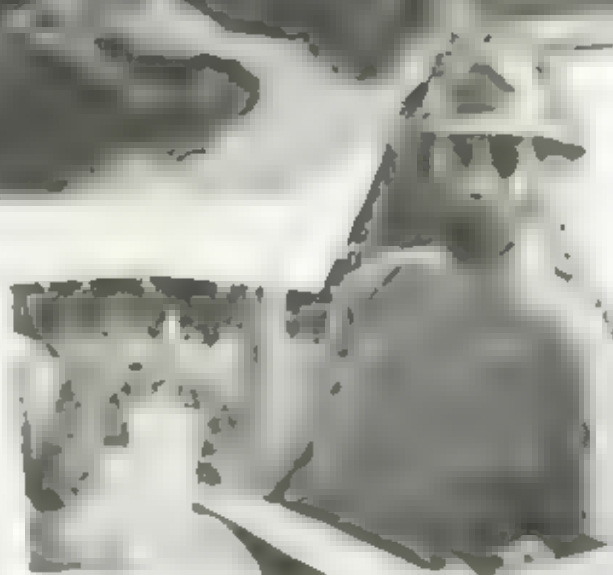
Charlotte

like honey on our  
lady of the harbor;  
and she shows you  
where to look amidst  
the garbage and the  
flowers. There are  
heroes in the sea-  
weed, there are  
children in the  
morning. They are  
leaning out for  
love and they  
will lean that  
way forever, while

Suzanne  
holds the  
mirror  
Leonard  
Cohen

E  
N  
G  
L  
I  
S  
H  
M  
A  
T  
H

Eric  
Trueblood



Greg Gay







# D R A M A



Russell Ramirez.

Under the guidance  
of Russell Ramirez  
and Karen Freeman,  
a dramatic  
field trip  
to Austin was  
undertaken.





Bill Hinkle

DRIVER

NIGHT

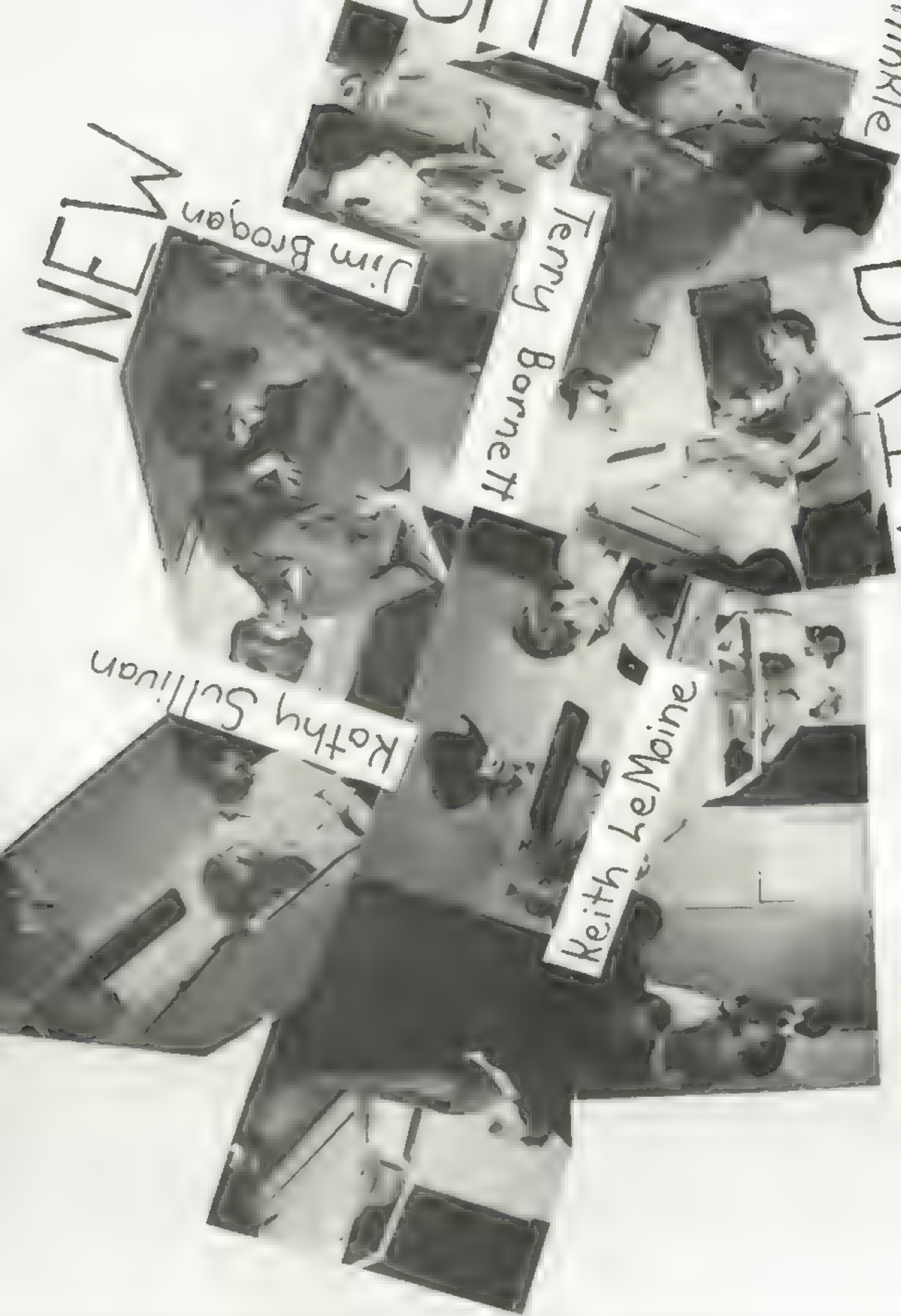
Jim Brogan

Terry Barnett

NEW

Kathy Sullivan

Keith LeMoine







in which we  
studied the  
Marx brothers  
and how to  
write movies,  
we also had  
class outside  
alot, which  
enlightened our  
creativity and  
broadened the  
scope of our  
imagination

ENGLISH



Karen Freeman





Marki Dixon



SHE HAS A VERY  
DISTINGUISHED LAUGH  
AS A PIGEON  
COOING ROUND  
A COLONY OF HENS --  
AS A BUTTERFLY  
OVER THE OCEAN

HER SIGN IS VIRGO  
SHE SHOWS IT AT HOME  
THOUGH WHEN SHE IS  
CREATING IN A PLACE  
FOR THAT PURPOSE,  
SHE AND THE CREATION  
ARE MARKI

TAMI DUMONT

A  
R  
T a  
place  
to create



Brad Rose







Gary Fleming



Biology and  
World History



in which we  
learned about  
history, and  
crawled around  
with chickens  
and cats and  
fish and  
teachers and  
other strange  
animals.



# AMERICAN HISTORY



JIM STRAIN



GREG RATHE



BILL BRISCOE



DRAFTING



MATH

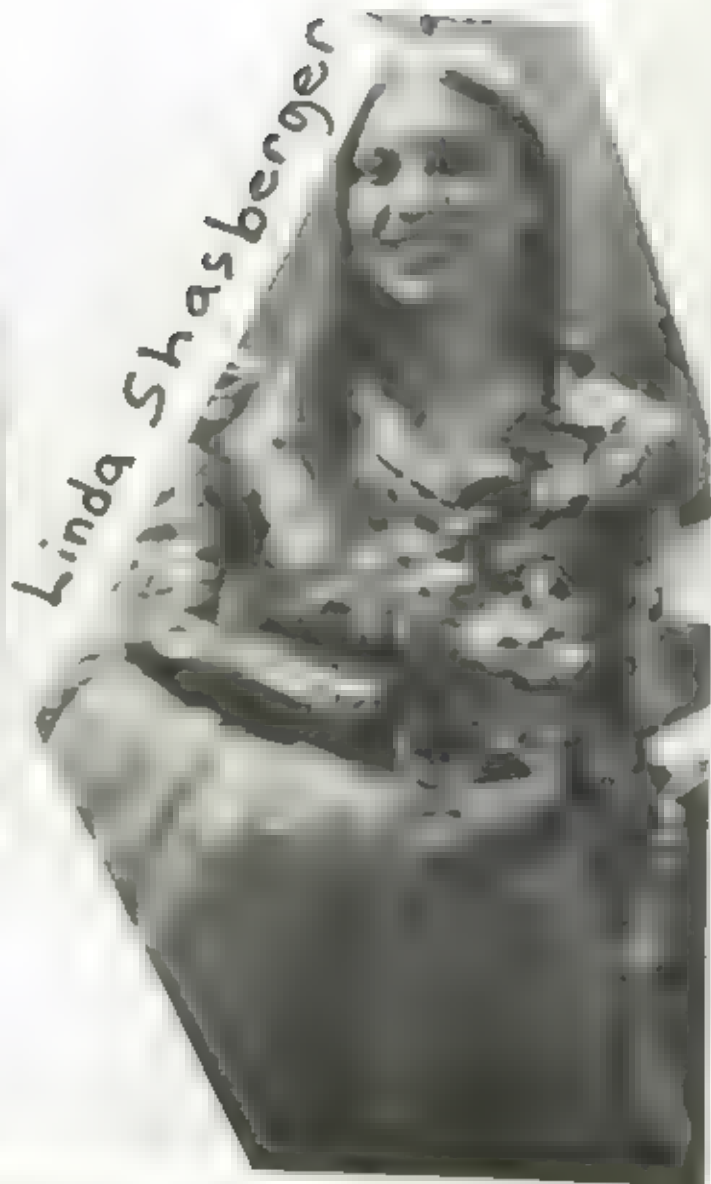
WHEN EVERYONE FINALLY MAKES IT TO MATH  
THEY LOOK AT OUR TEACHER AND GIVE OUT A LAUGH  
THEY PICK UP THEIR PENCILS AND THROW THEIR ERASERS  
AT OUR FAVORITE TEACHER, THE WOMAN CHASER.  
AS HE WALKS AROUND AND FLIRTS ALL DAY  
HIS MATH CLASS SITS AND WORKS AWAY  
AS HE TAKES A SIP OF HIS PINEAPPLE JUICE  
EVERYONE WATCHES HIS MUSTACHE COME LOOSE.

Flanagan's Classes GINA HORMEL



Paul Watson





Linda Shasberger

in which we  
read fantasy,  
wrote poetry,  
made a yearbook, and heard  
lectures on subversive  
activities.



Ratie Maher



English,  
Journalism,  
Creative  
Writing

with  
Linda

Wayne  
Knight



Reinhard Ziegler



Mike Glasco



in which a group of weird people run around with little boxes, punching buttons and finally ending up with these pictures here, which



are cut up and pasted on a piece of paper which will eventually become the yearbook for an odd place called Walden. photography





Paul Sheffield  
As Paul  
Always says  
PHYSICAL SCIENCE  
and  
MATH  
are exciting

MIKE MORIARTY



# HI KIDDIES

It's LOOK AND LAUGH TIME  
WITH OUR

# FAMILY FOTOS

PICTURES  
GUARANTEED  
TO SEAR YOUR  
EYEBALLS!



MR. CHEEZO



PROP. PUBIC

SWEET MAXINE



MR. TEE VEE



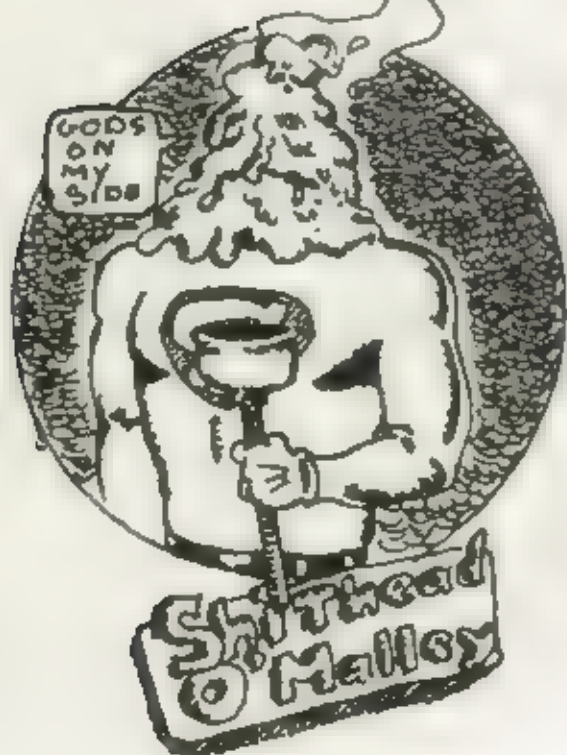
OLLIE and OLIVIA ORANGE



THE AUTOMATION BROTHERS



4th STREET Goodtime Guys



Shithead O'Malley



Turb Luck Family



The Leading Idiot





Gifford James



Steve Murray



Robert Smith



Dottie Gundlach

David Walters



Scott Brix



Gray Gorney



*Easley is the man of the house; quiet and alone, but infinitely beautiful.*



Jeff McQuay



Sallie Youngblood



Gary Butler



Jim Abell



Debbie Jones



John Hormel



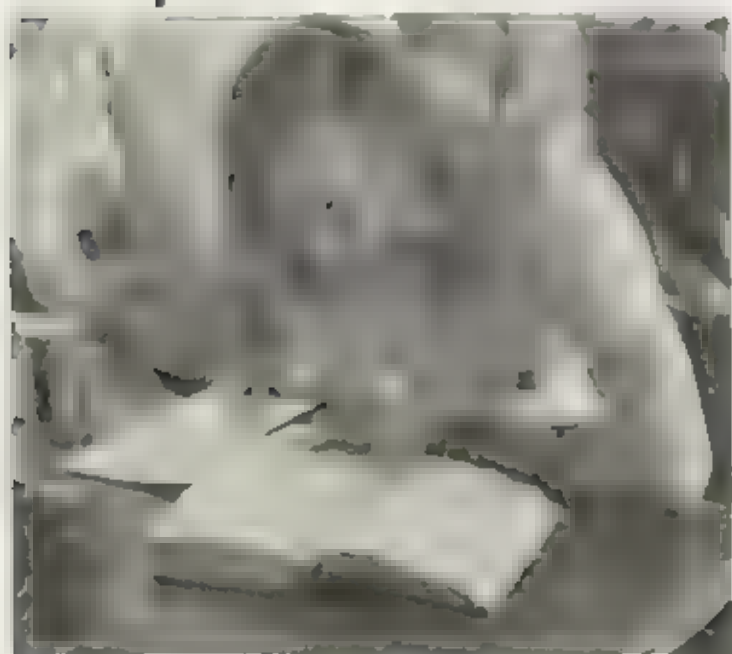
Jeff Yonack

When we met  
I was sure out to  
lunch  
Now my empty cup  
tastes  
As sweet as the  
punch

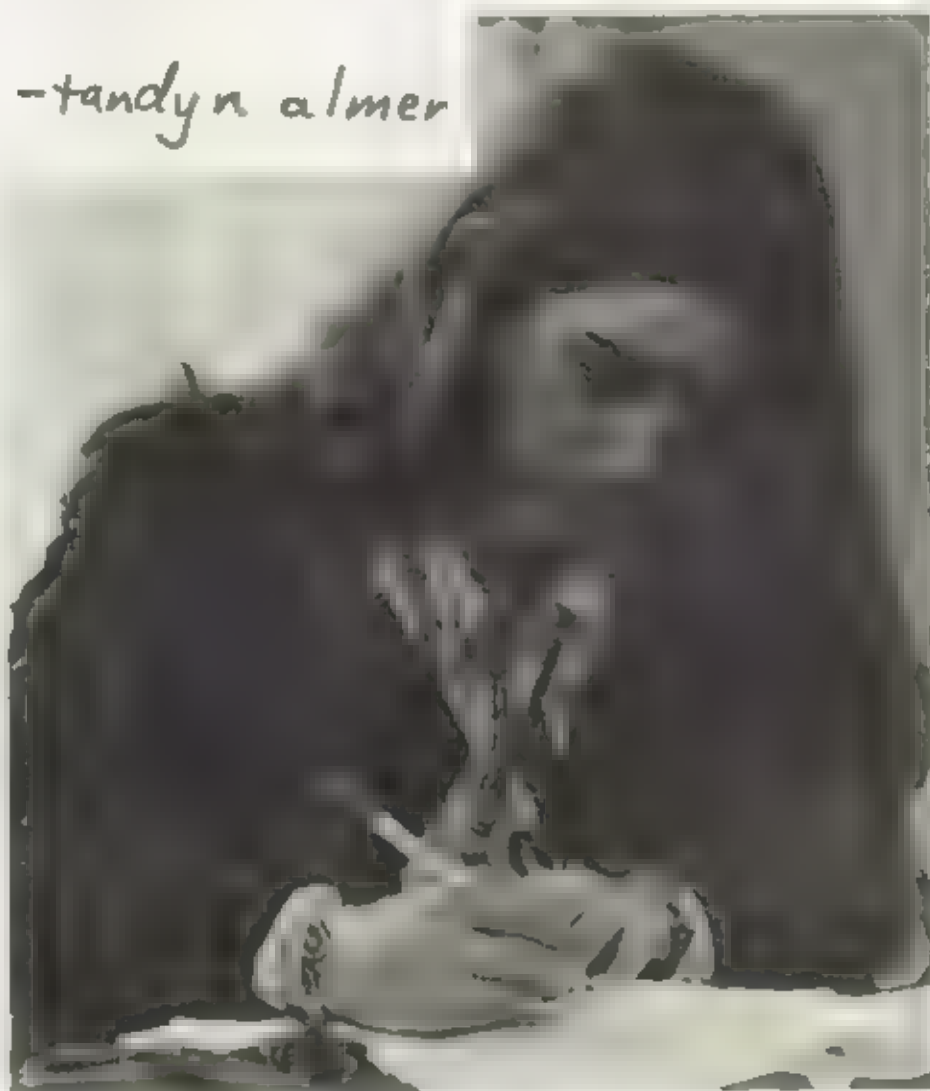


KURT GENGLERBACK

Mark Gunn



-tandyn almer



Ilene Jacobs



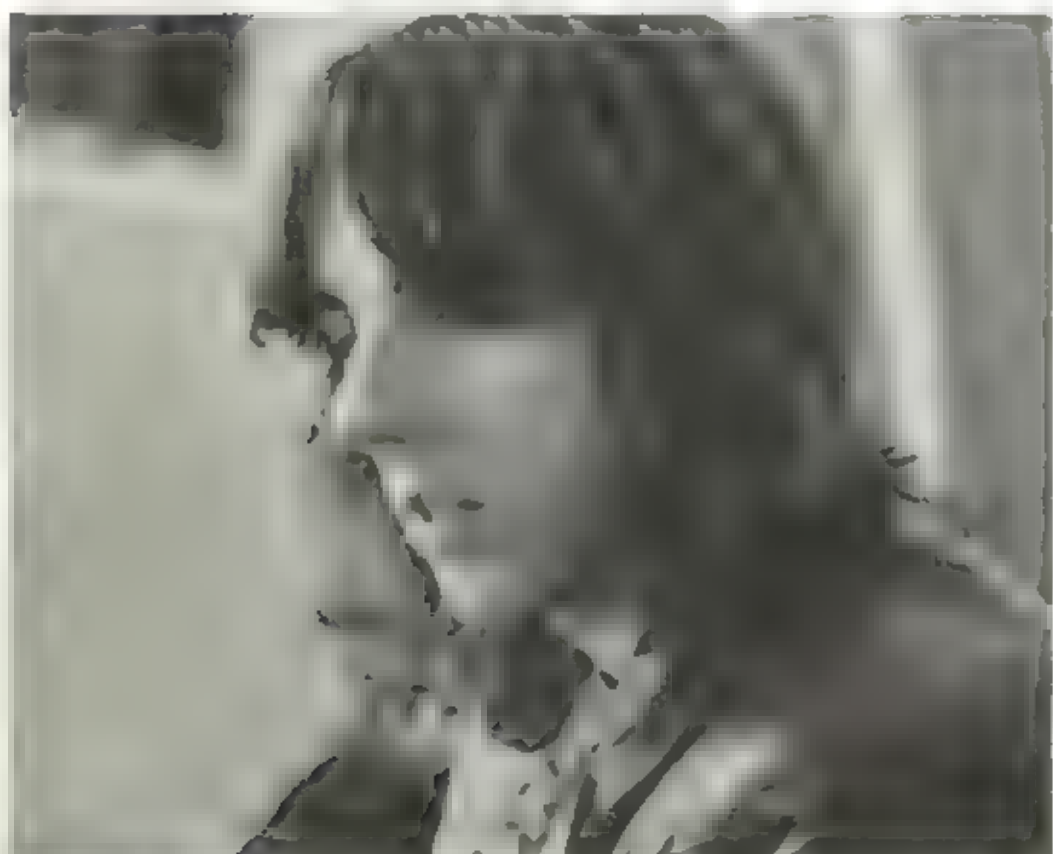


Paul Sawyer

Jeanne  
Fitzgerald



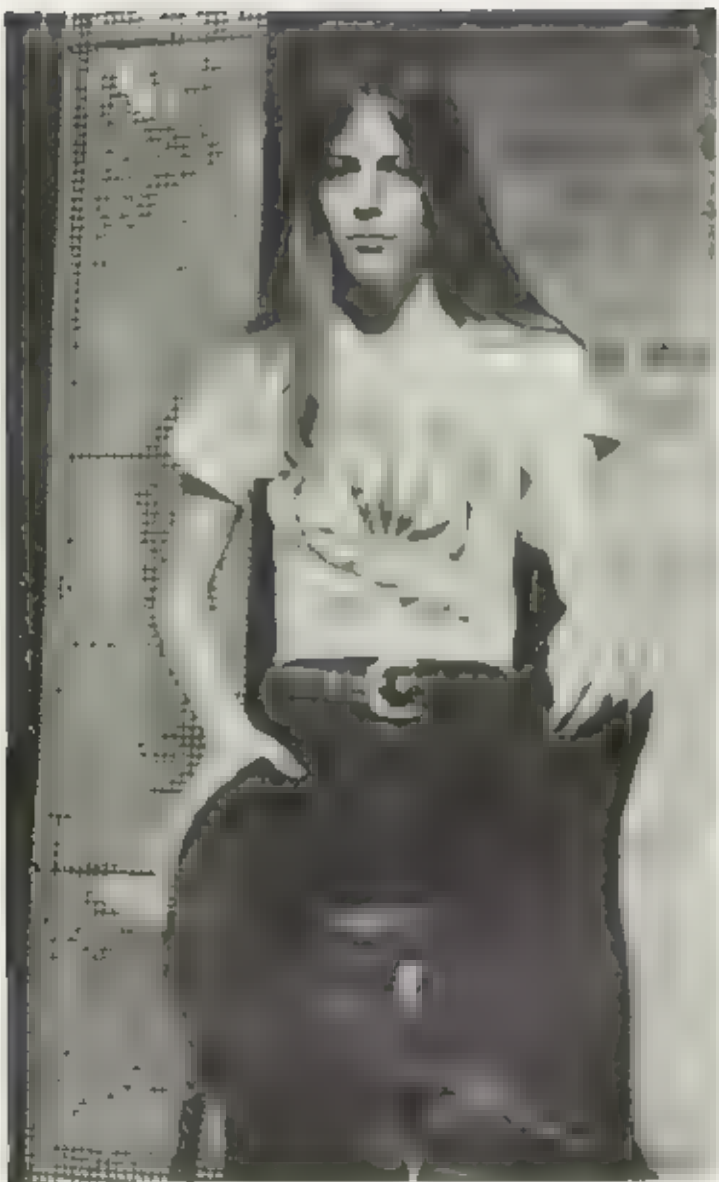
B  
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Doak Boettiger

Gini Steinbach





Katy Kingsley



Suzanne Goldstein



Elizabeth Bennet



Suzanne Evans

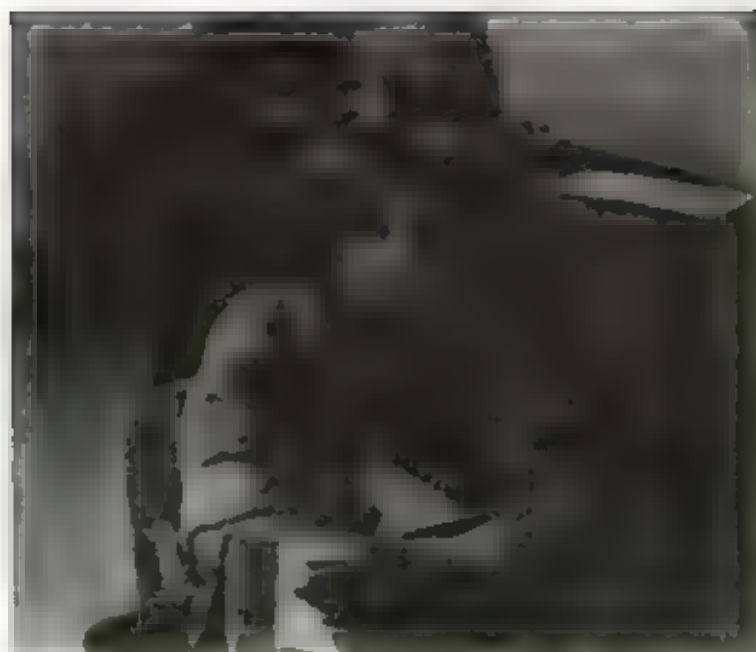




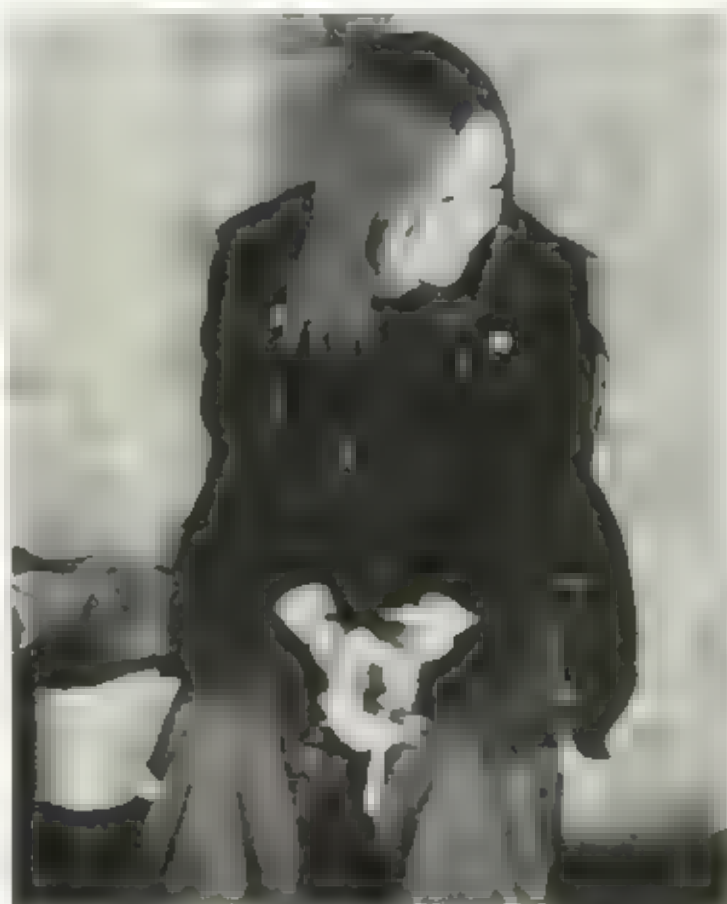
Max



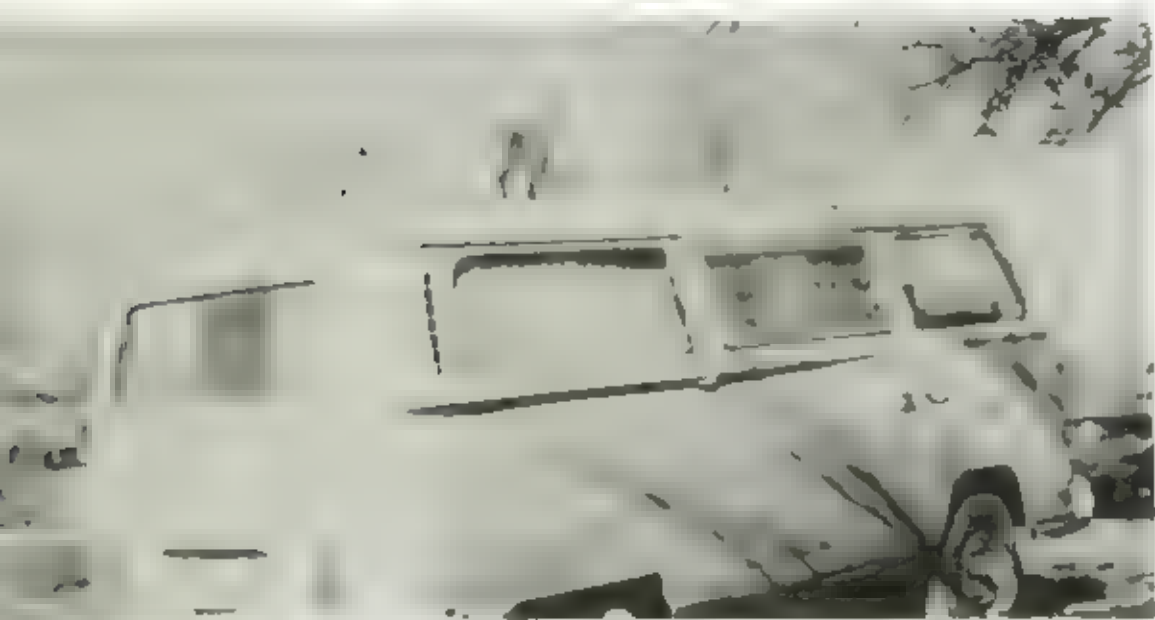
Don Triggs



CHARLES HOLT



Nancy Keene



King of the Mountain?



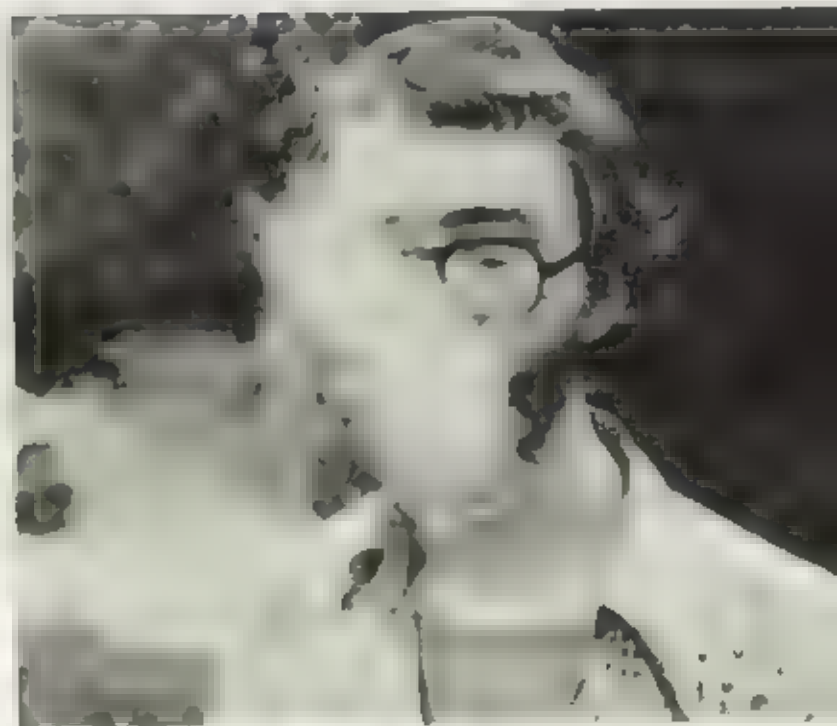
Lisa Weedon



SHAWN DAWKINS



MATT EVANS

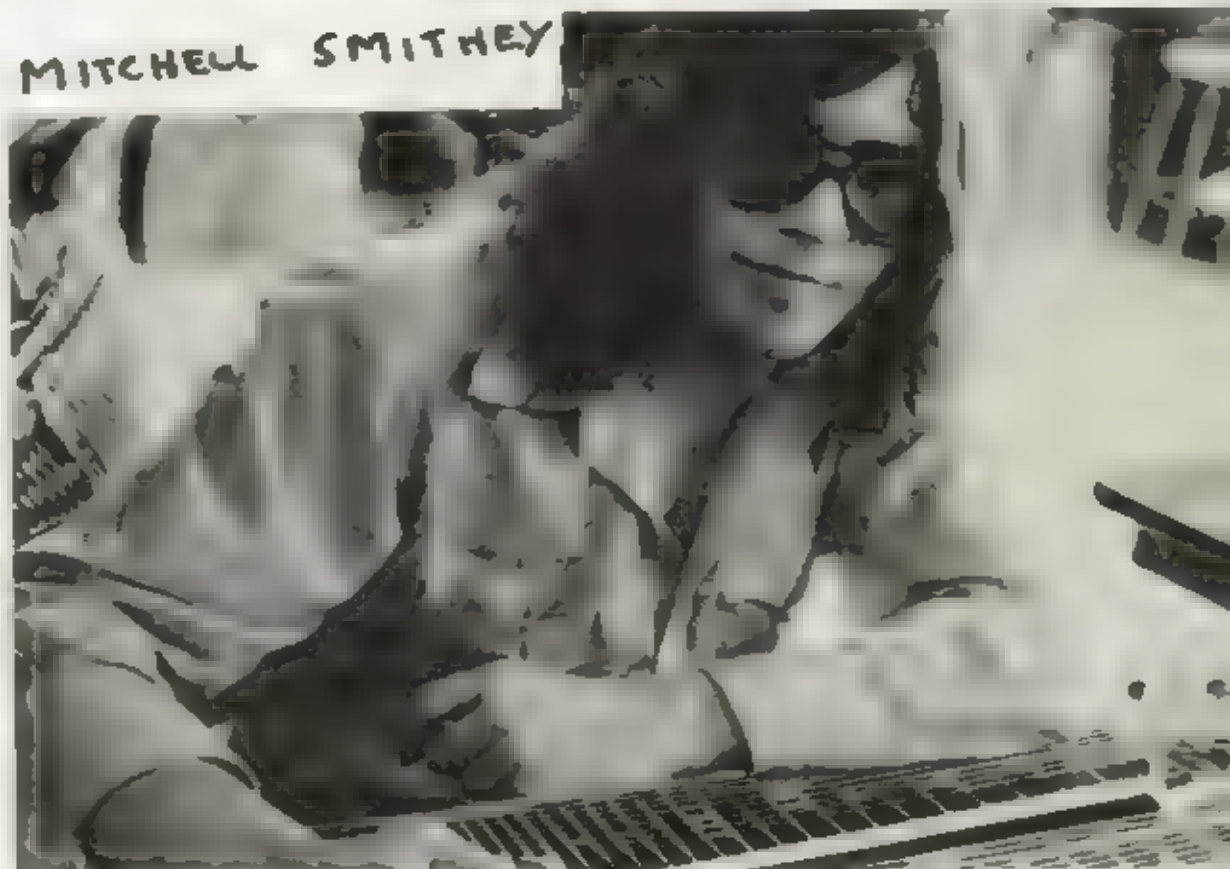


JOHN LYNN



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S

MITCHELL SMITHEY





PAUL SHEFFIELD



MATT GENTRY



PHIL BELKNAP



JUDY PALMS



STEWART GORDON





TOM CLEMMENS



TRACY WILSON



JANET LAY



I'm gonna  
wrap my-  
self in pa-  
per; I'm  
gonna daub  
myself  
with glue; stick some stamps on toppa my  
head; I'm gonna mail myself to you. ♪  
♪ ♪

-author unknown-sung by Don Sanders



## MIND

THE GREATEST KINDNESS I HAVE TO OFFER  
IS THE TRUTH  
TO REVEAL MYSELF OPENLY AND HONESTLY  
TAKES THE RAWEST KIND OF COURAGE  
WHATEVER MY SECRETS ARE,  
REMEMBER WHEN I SHARE THEM WITH YOU,  
THEY ARE A PART OF ME  
NO ONE ELSE CAN DECIDE  
HOW YOU ARE GOING TO ACT.

GINA HORMEL

LONELINESS.  
IT CAN BE FELT  
ONLY BY THOSE IT ASSAILS.  
IT IS IN MANY FORMS,  
YET ONE.

IT IS THE SHAPE  
OF THE ANGUISHED HEART.

IT CAN BE HIDDEN, OR APPARENT IT THE WALLOWING OF SELF PITY.  
THOSE WHO ARE AT PEACE WITH SOLITUDE  
EASE THE ANGUISH OF THEIR HEARTS.

THOSE WHO ARE NOT  
ONLY INTENSIFY THE PAIN.

THEY BECOME BITTER

AND WITHDRAW.

THOSE WHO COEXIST WITH IT,  
COPE WITH IT.

DO NOT ASK ME HOW I KNOW.  
I KNOW.

JIM BROGAN

FOR JIM-BOB

SOLID

HUGE

LITHE AND GRACEFUL

LIKE A HUGE CAT.

YOU ARE A CAT

NEVER STAYING

UNLESS YOU WANT TO

AND ONLY WHEN YOU ARE FED.

JULIE HOFFMAN

## SWITCH

OLD CAT,  
YOUR FUR IS SO SLEEK.  
WHAT IS IT YOU WISH ME TO SEEK?  
YOUR EYES, THEY ARE SO DEEP.

YOU HAVE BEEN MY FRIEND  
FOR SUCH A LONG TIME.  
YOU SPEAK WITH WISDOM,  
THOUGH PEOPLE SAY YOU ARE DUMB.  
I KNOW IT IS NOT TRUE.  
IN NATURE'S ARMS YOU GREW,  
AND YOU CONTAIN HER KNOWLEDGE.  
FROM YOU I GAIN A DRIVE  
TO CONTINUE LIFE.

YOU SUPPORT ME  
AS I SUPPORT THEM.  
YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE I TALK TO  
UNHINDERED.  
I KNOW YOU UNDERSTAND.  
AND I YOU.  
YOU ARE MY FRIEND.

JIM BROGAN

WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN. . .  
SOMETHING GOOD. . .

ALMOST LIKE CANDY SITTING  
IN FRONT OF YOU. . .

BUT YOU CAN'T EAT IT. . .

NOT NOW.

BUT WHEN TIME PASSES AND  
CHANGES ARE GONE THROUGH. . .

THE CANDY JUST DOESN'T  
LOOK AS GOOD OR TASTE LIKE  
YOU THOUGHT IT WOULD.

YOU ASK ME WHY, BUT I JUST  
SHAKE MY HEAD. . .

I GUESS IT'S JUST GONE. . .  
MAYBE IT WASN'T LOVE.

SO YOU LEAVE AND I'M LEFT ALONE  
THINKING. . .MAYBE I SHOULDN'T HAVE  
TASTED IT.

CYNTHIA HAAS







Marie Loar

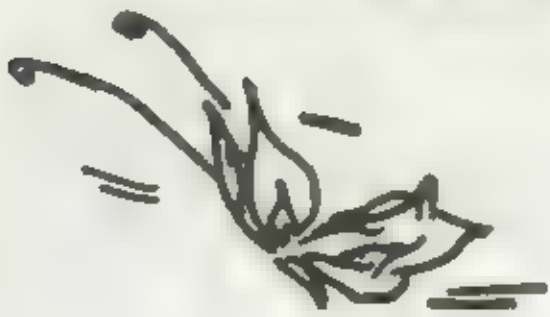


THERE WAS A NICE LADY WHO HAD  
 A GOOD THOUGHT  
 ABOUT BETTER WAYS THAT KIDS  
 COULD BE TAUGHT  
 THE SCHOOL WAS NAMED WALDEN,  
 THE LADY'S MRS. LOAR  
 MORE AND MORE PEOPLE  
 HAVE ENTERED OUR DOOR  
 IF YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW  
 TO GET TO THIS PLACE  
 LOOK FOR A JUNKY ROAD  
 AND A SMILING FACE  
 EVEN PAST STUDENTS  
 GRADUATED AND GON  
 ALWAYS COME BACK  
 TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON.  
 SOME CALL IT SCHOOL  
 SOME CALL IT HOME  
 SOME EVEN CALL IT A PLACE TO ROAM.

OFFICE



People, in group or alone, somehow bring a feeling of unity which enhances the beauty and the peace of Walden.







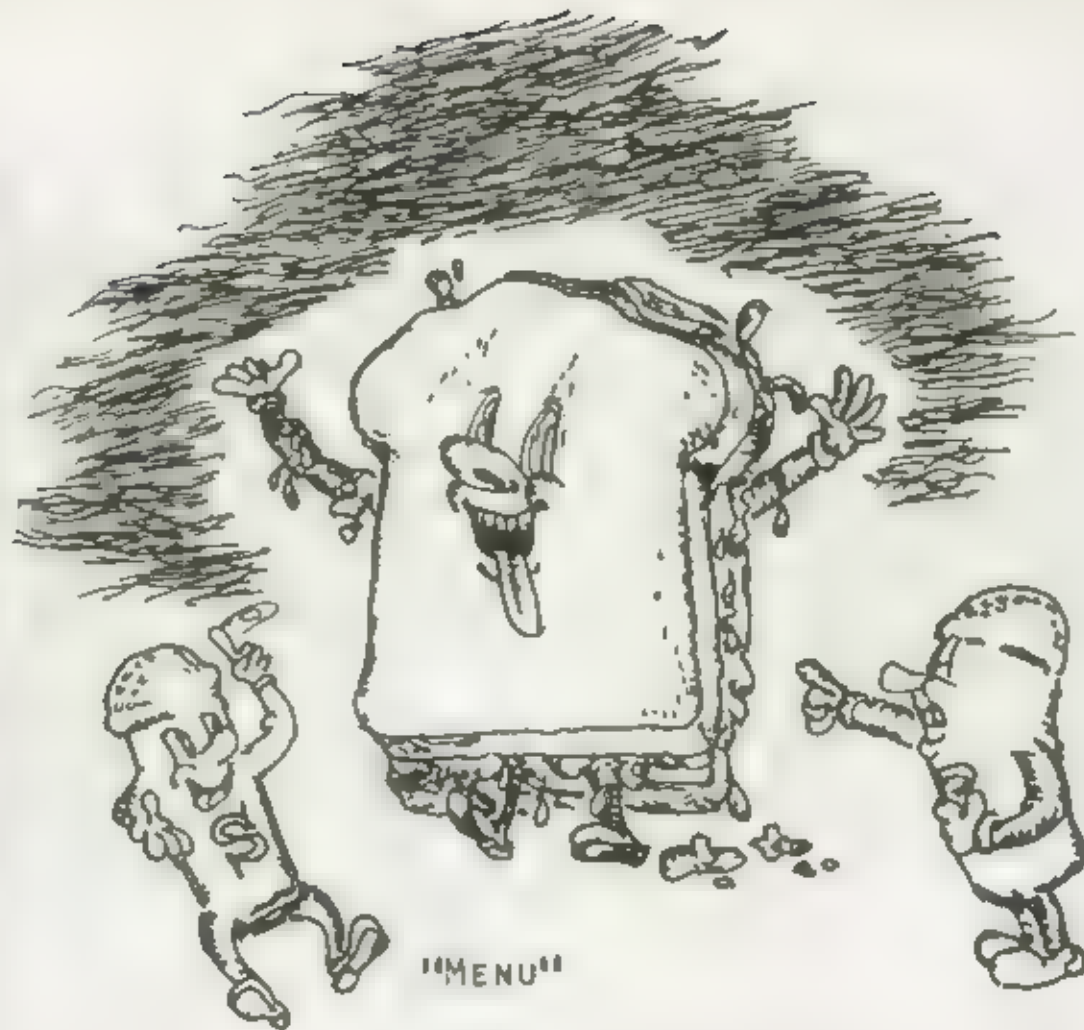
a Community of Learning



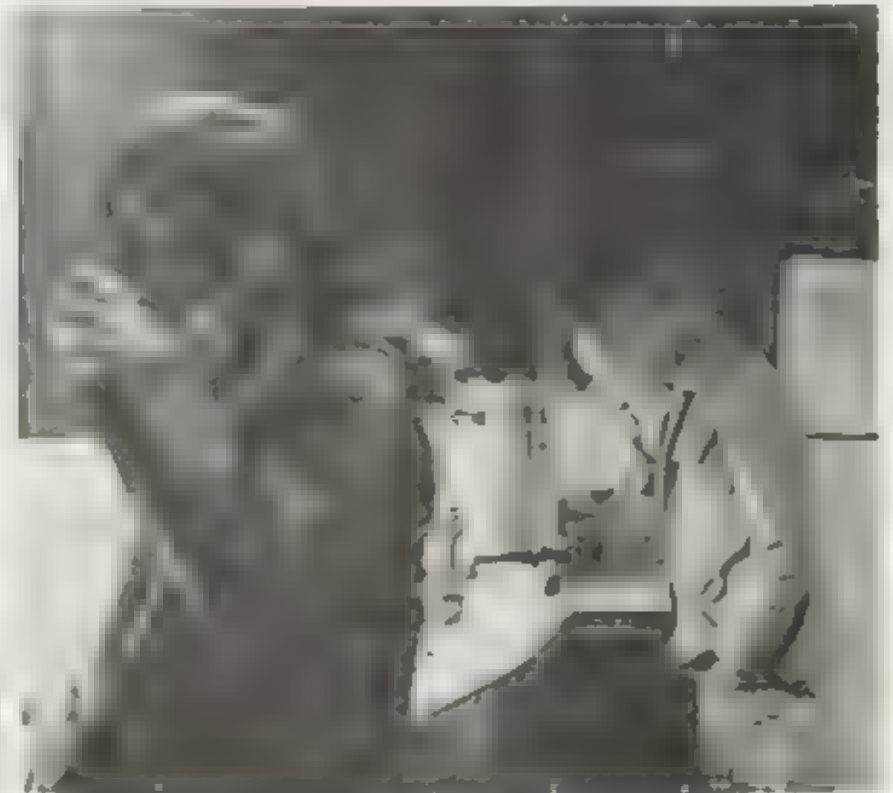
## "INGREDIENTS"

CARBONATED WATER,  
SUGAR,  
CARAMEL COLOR,  
ARTIFICIAL AND NATURAL FLAVORING,  
PHOSPHORIC ACID.  
NINE PROBLEMS  
NINE WAYS TOWARD  
A SLOW SUICIDE  
IN ONE  
TWELVE OUNCE CAN.

JULIE HOFFMAN



PEANUT BUTTER SANDWICH  
JELLY SANDWICH  
PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY SANDWICH  
TOASTED PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY SANDWICH  
CAT FOOD

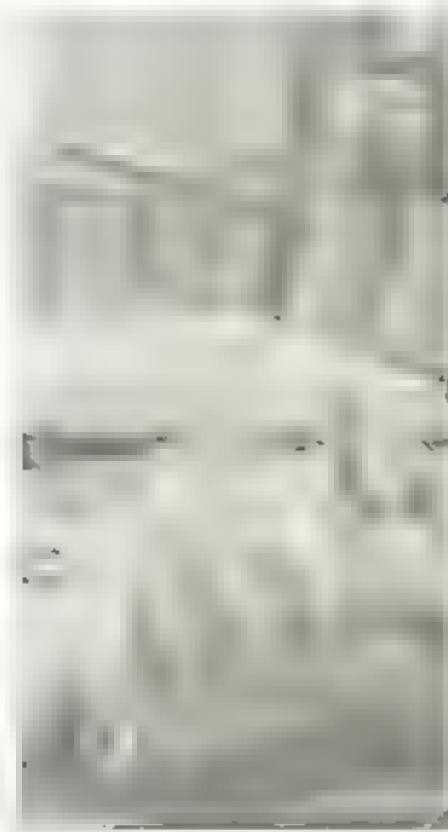


the kitchen is a  
place for drink-  
ing coffee, making  
peanut-butter and  
jelly sandwiches, and  
talking to friends.  
it is also a  
sanctuary for  
cats.





It's Munchie-Man Time!



Every day at 10:30 there is a crunching of tires on gravel, and the blaring of a horn. Almost immediately, all classes and teachers are abandoned in the search for food.



if I believed  
In love forever,  
I'd forget the past.  
You're too lovely  
Not to try.

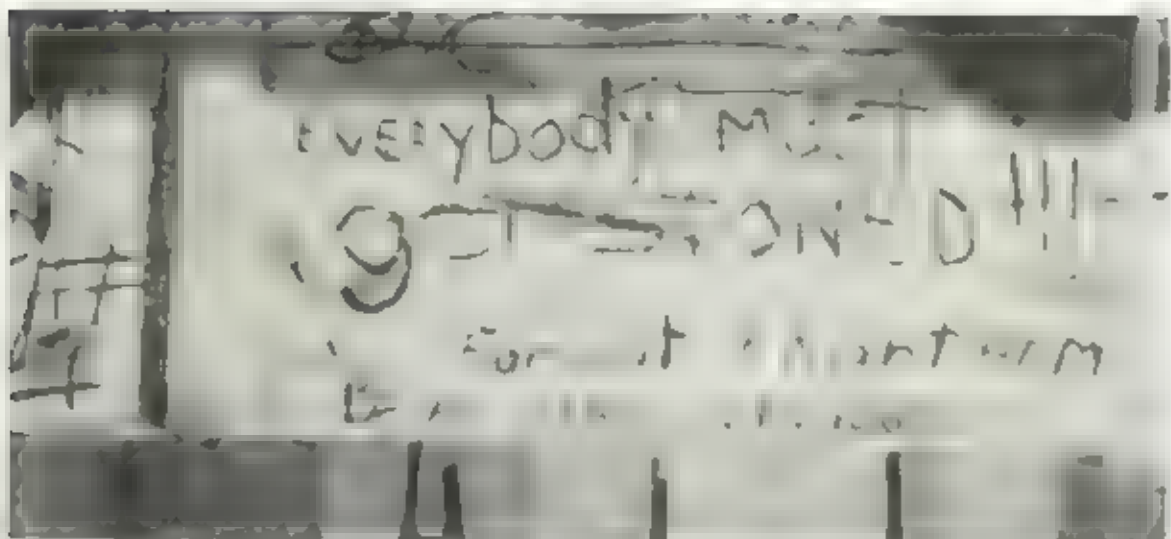
from "Misty Roses"  
-Tim Hardin

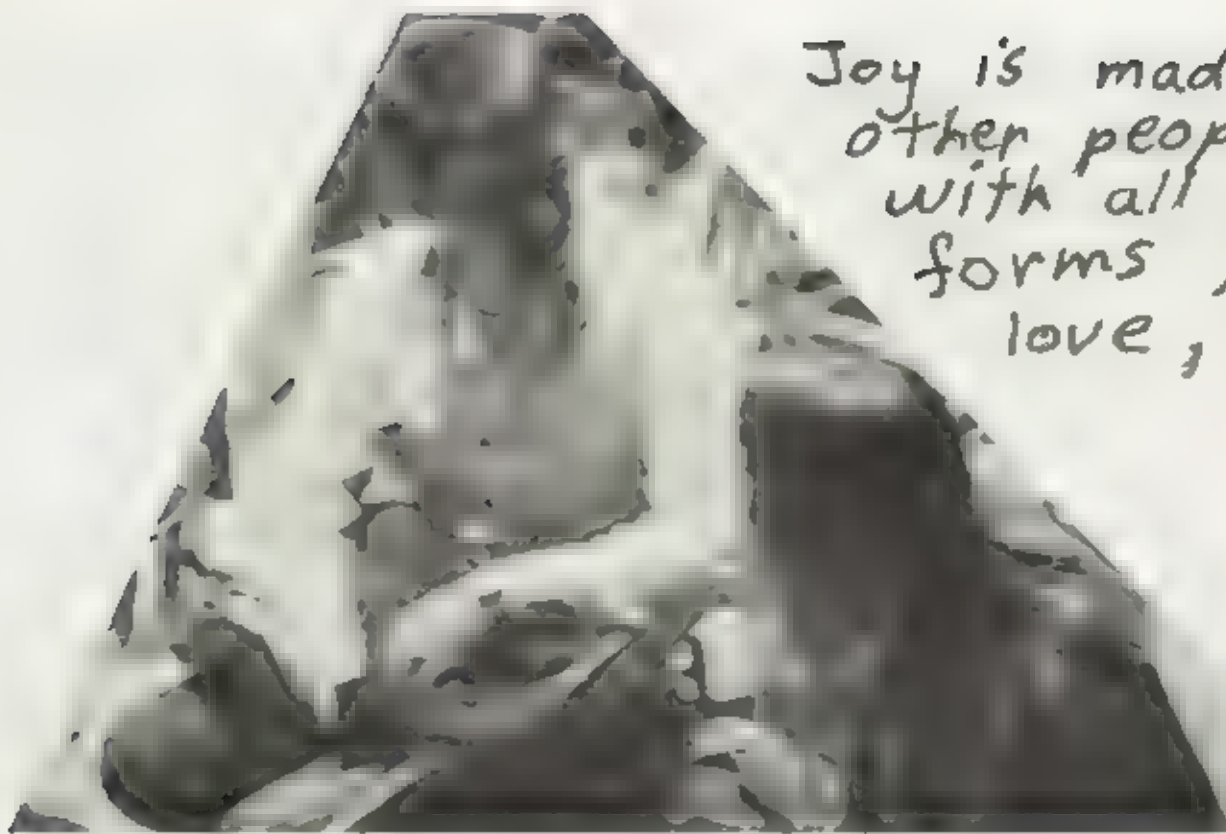






Walden- a place  
of peace and  
tranquility, a place  
for the resting of  
emotions and the  
unity of people  
in love.





Joy is made by people for  
other people and shared  
with all people. Love  
forms joy, which forms  
love, which is Walden.

HELLO  
THERE...



from this one people  
to all you other  
people. -julie h.







A  
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WANDA PARKS

ROBERT SMITH (CARTOONS)

SCOTT BRIX

JULIE HOFFMAN (COPY)

LESLIE GOLDSTEIN

LINDA SHASBERGER

GINA HORMEL

PHILIP WISE

ANN DALRYMPLE

GINI STEINBACH

DAN BACCUS (PHOTOGRAPHS)

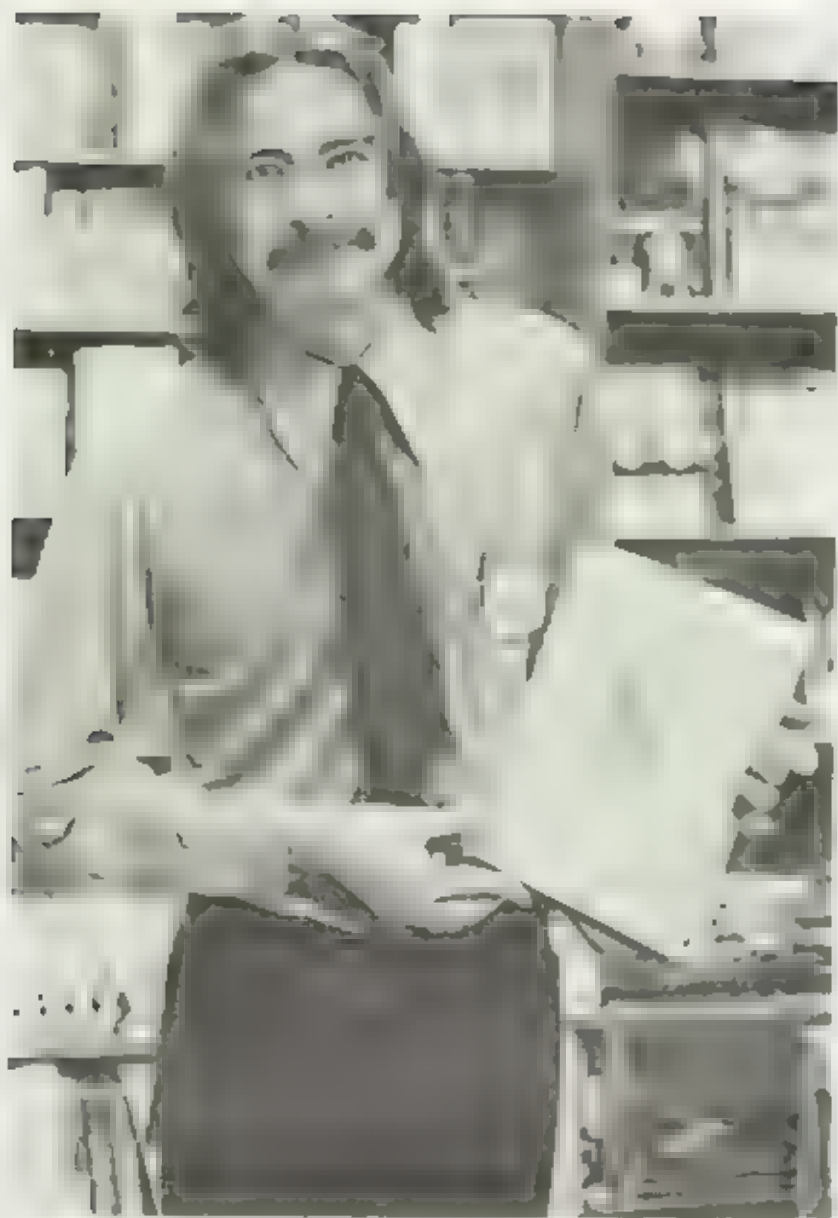
S  
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OTHER PHOTOS BY KURT GENGELBACH,  
DOAK BOETTIGER AND OTHER  
MEMBERS OF THE PHOTOGRAPHY CLASS









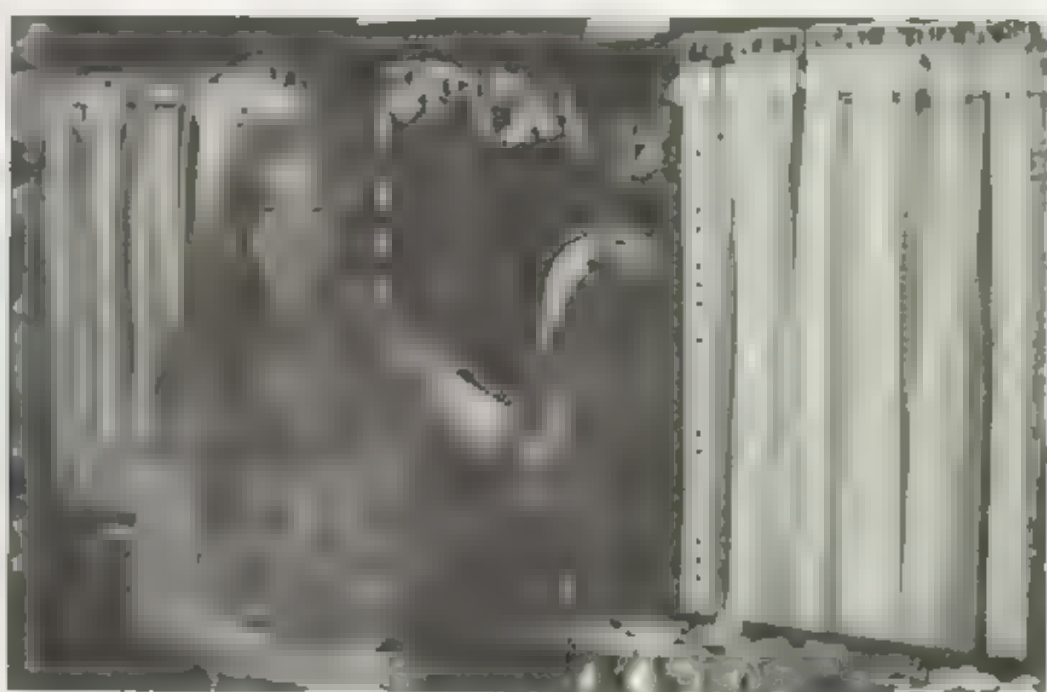
MIKE FLANAGAN  
DOUBLEDAY



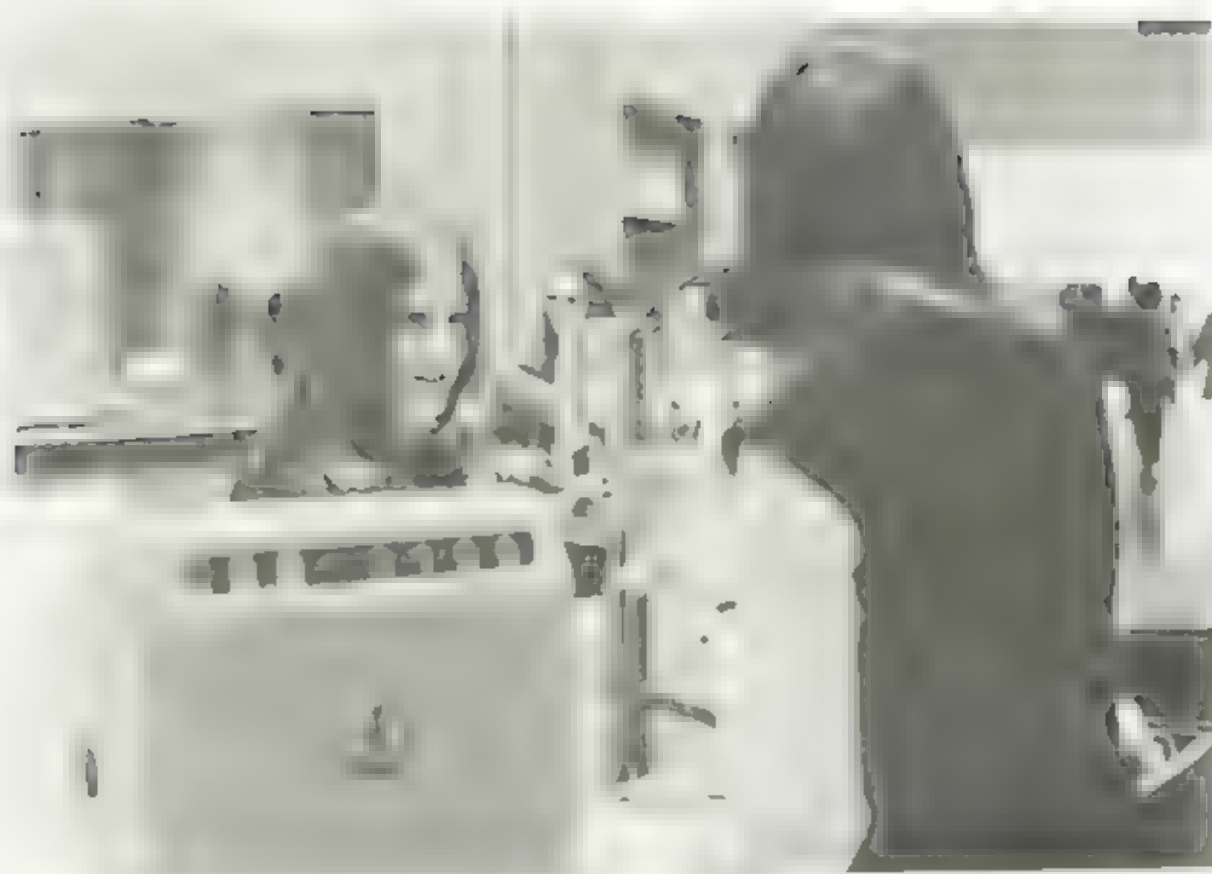
BECKY MORRISON  
ORANGE JULIUS



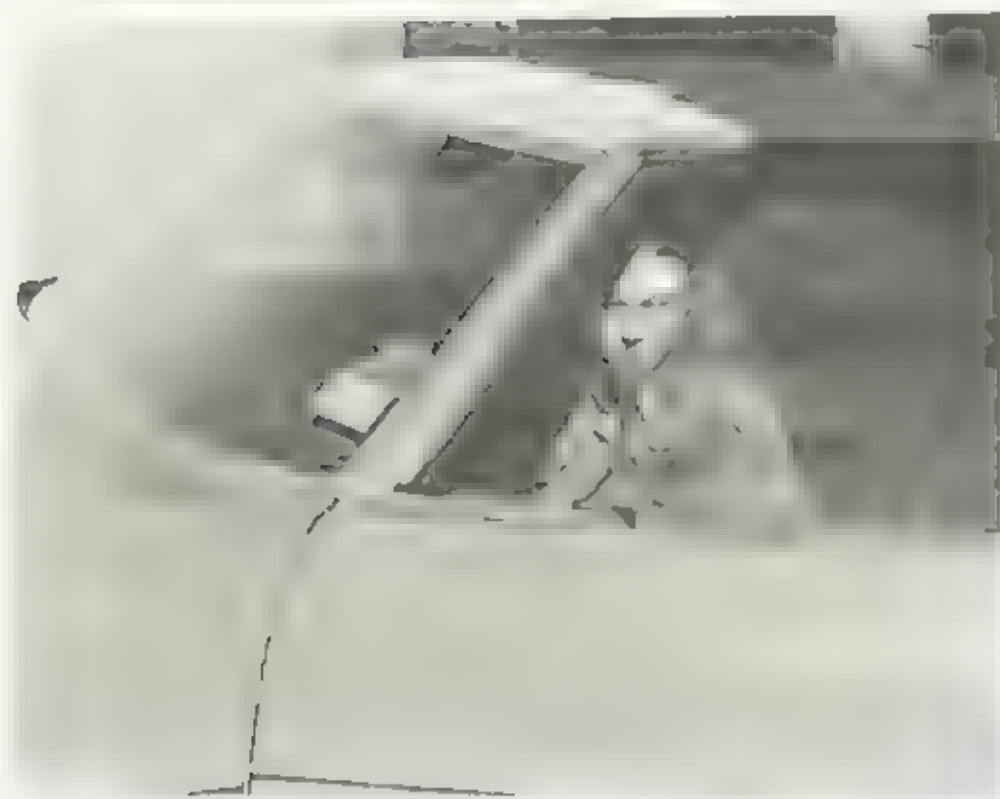
FIELD TRIP



JULIE CHOOKAS  
TARGET



LAURA JAMES  
TITCHES



HO-1-1 POWERED JUNT



BILL HINKLE  
TEXACO CAR WASH



SCOTT BRIX - THE STONLEIGH P.

# CHANNEL 13 AUCTION



VALERIE CREVELING  
THERESA WILLIAMS  
BILL REED  
DAN BACCUS  
BILL BRISCOE



# SENIORS 1974



Pam DuMont



Jessie Taylor



Terry Long

from: "I am a child  
in These Hills"

who will show me the river  
and ask me my name  
there's nobody near me to  
do that

i have come to these hills  
i will come to the river  
as i choose to be gone  
from the house of my  
father

i am a child in these hills  
i am a child in these hills.

- Jackson Browne



Katie Maher



Julie L. Hooker



Mike Ryzute

These People are  
Wanted By The  
F.B.I. For Illegally  
Carrying Butter in  
Taxis.

Becky Morrison



Eddie Henderson



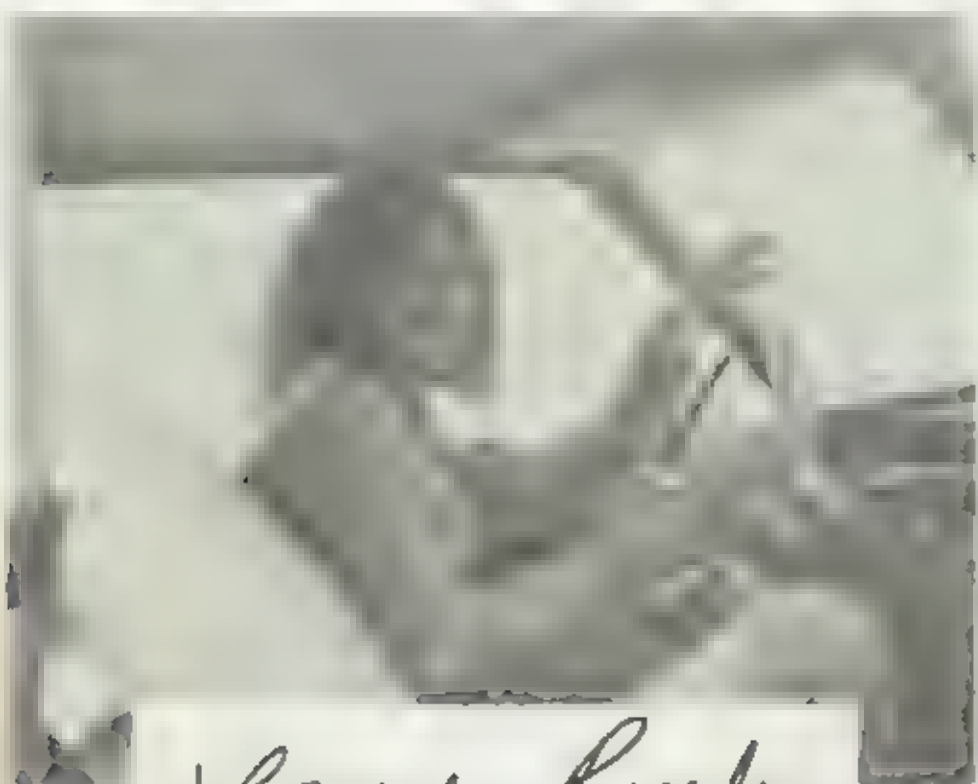


Debbie Yates



Kellye Chapman

not without joy is the sorrow of leaving



Larry Rexro



Dryenda Lovell

There are places I'll remember All my life though some have  
changed. Some for.  
Some have gone  
these places had  
lovers and friends  
are dead and some  
I've loved

Terry Barnett

ever not for better  
and some remain. All  
their moments With  
I still recall. Some  
are living, In my  
them all.

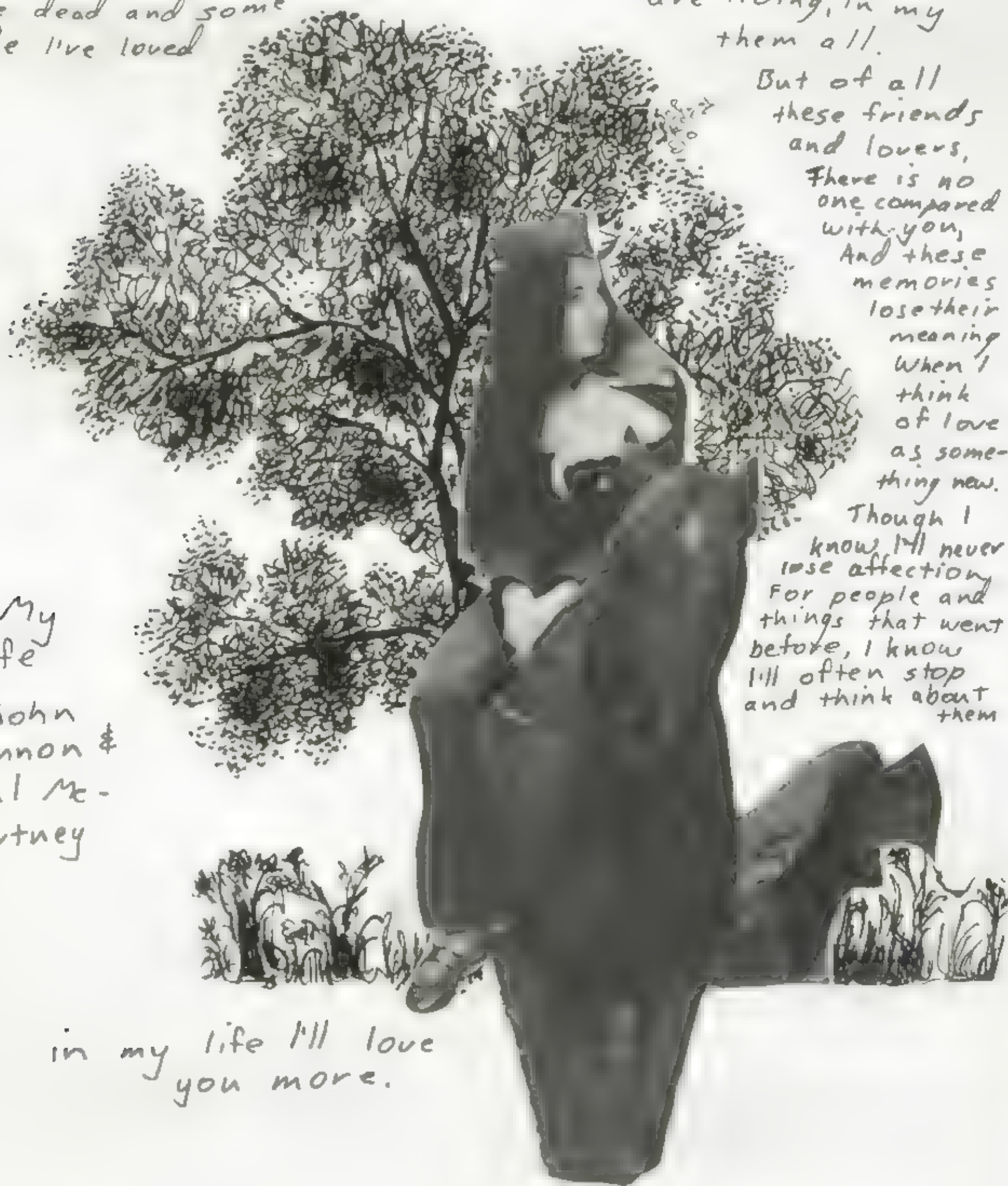
But of all  
these friends  
and lovers,  
There is no  
one compared  
with you,  
And these  
memories  
lose their  
meaning  
When I  
think  
of love  
as some-  
thing new.

Though I  
know I'll never  
lose affection  
For people and  
things that went  
before, I know  
I'll often stop  
and think about  
them

In My  
Life

- John  
Lennon &  
Paul Mc-  
Cartney

in my life I'll love  
you more.



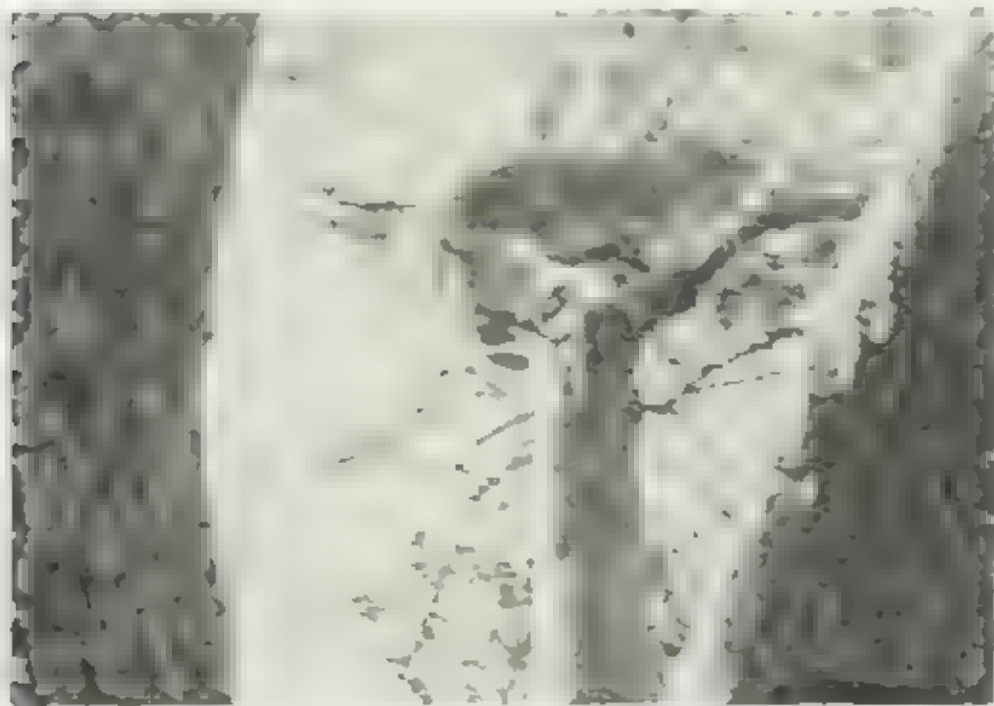
San Saccus



Badger

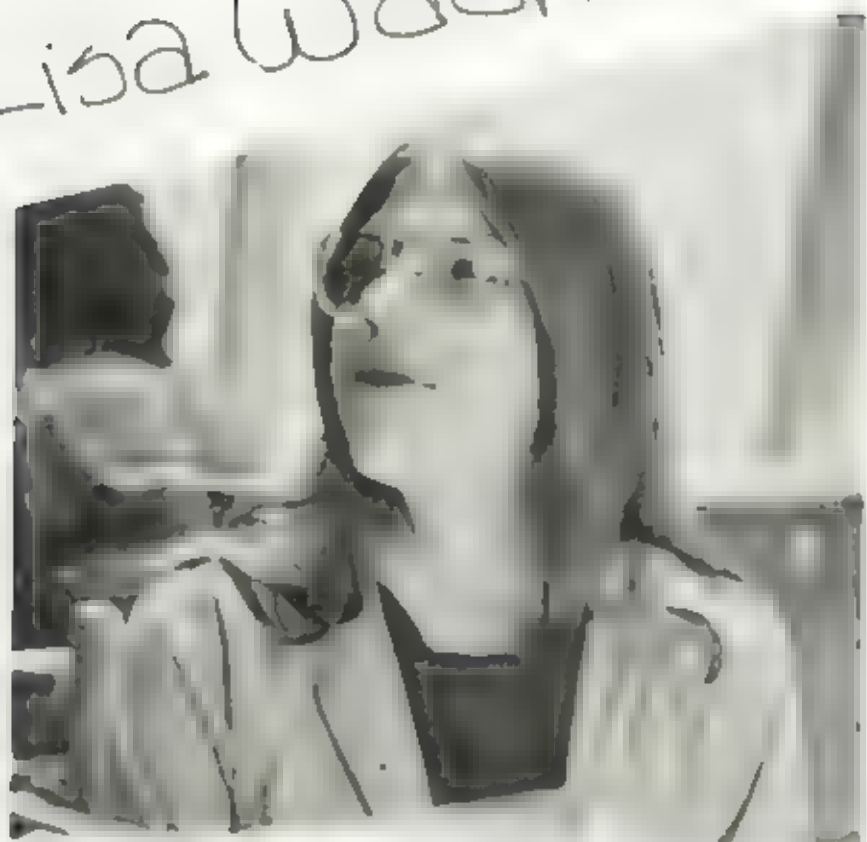


another Walden cat





Lisa Wacker



i never laughed  
so long.  
so long.  
so long.

frank Lloyd wright  
-paul simon



Laura James



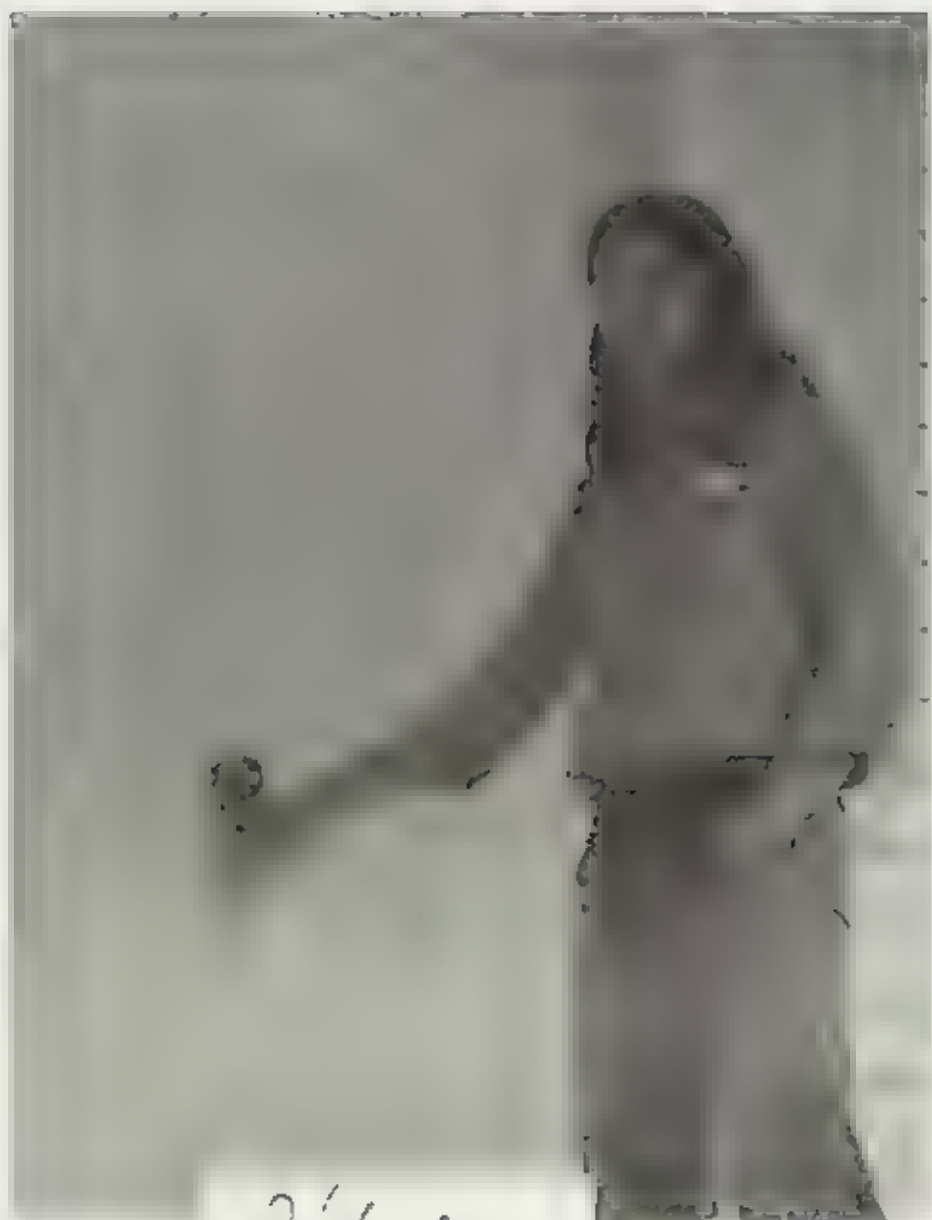
Susan Witt



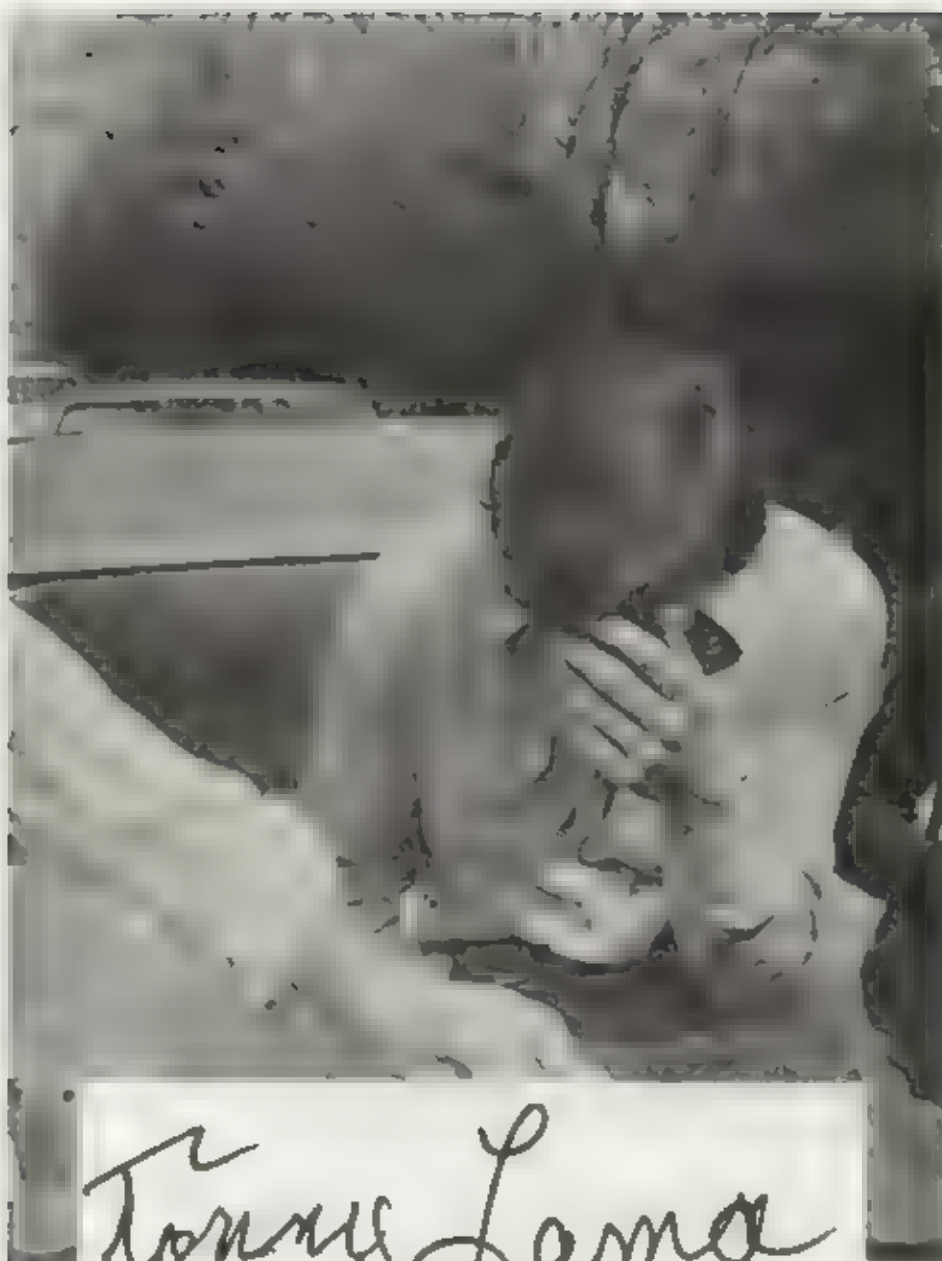
Rick Wilson

Kathy Sullivan





*Patricia*



*Tony Lama*  
(RUFUS STEPHENS)



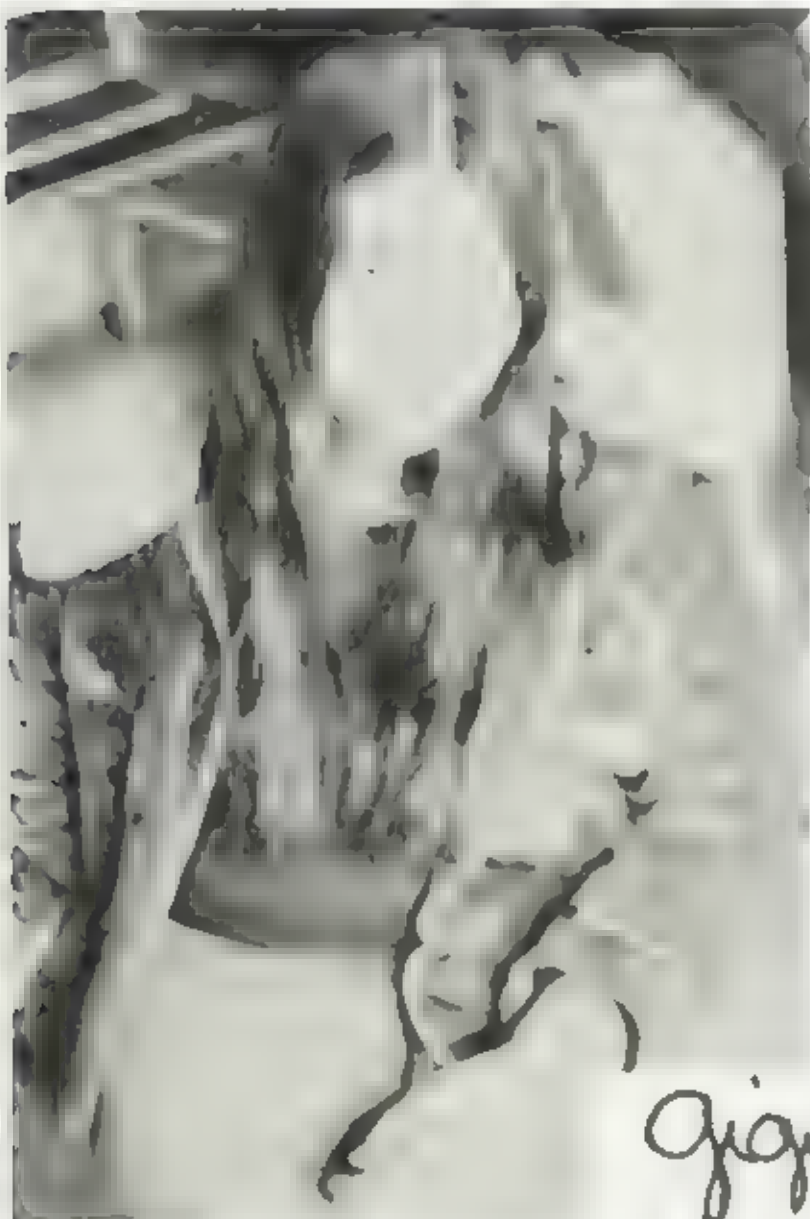
*Julie Hoffman*

Gary Grissom



Anne Dalrymple

Mike Allen



Gigi Hutton

anyone who must leave us,  
we will love you,  
we will miss you.  
if you have a chore to do  
please stop by when you  
get through.

-don sanders





*Jim's Brogan*



*Cindy Dersham*

Valerie Crereling



there's a fair wind blowin'  
warm out of the south  
over my shoulder  
guess i'll set a course and  
go.

-C.S.N. & Y.



MIKE WIENS



*Shelah Norman*



*Tommy Sewell*



*Scott Drees*



*Kath Zensine*

Wanda Parbs

Crazy are we  
Who set ourselves free  
And be  
What we want to be.



Bill Link



Mark Robinson



Jay Hillendahl



Peter Sills





PHOTOGRAPHED BY GREG RATHE

## THE DOVE

THE STORM CLOUD HANGS ON THE HILL,  
THE THUNDER ROLLS THRU THE PLAIN,  
AND THERE GOES THAT LITTLE BIRD, STILL  
SHE'S WINGING HER WAY THRU THE RAIN.  
THE BUZZARD STIRS IN THE GLOOM,  
THE JACKEL STALKS IN THE SHADE,  
BUT CLEARING THE DIM EDGE OF DOOM,  
THE DOVE MAKES HER WAY UNAFRAID.

THE ROCKET LIGHTS UP THE WAY,  
AND SEARS HER WINGS WITH ITS FLAME,  
AND BURNS AS BRIGHT AS DAY:  
THE DOVE SOARS ALONG JUST THE SAME.  
THE GUNS SOUND OFF WITH A BLAST,  
AND SNARL AT THE DOVE ON HER COURSE,  
BUT THERE SHE GOES FAITHFULLY PAST  
AND BRAVES THE FULL FURST OF THE FORCE.

THE PEOPLE STIR ON THE LAND,  
THEY LIFT UP THEIR FACE TO THE SKY,  
TO SEE IF THE DOVE IS AT HAND  
AND WATCH HER GO BREATHLESSLY BY.  
THE FATHER STANDS WITH HIS SON,  
THE SISTER AND BROTHER ARE THERE,  
THEY LIFT UP THEIR HEADS EVERYONE,  
THE SOUND OF THEIR VOICES FILL THE AIR.

THE MOTHER RICH WITH HER CHILD,  
THE LOVER LOST IN HIS LOVE,  
TO WELCOME THE FEATHERY, MILD,  
THE SURE, THE INVINCIBLE DOVE  
AND DREAM OF SUCH THINGS TO BE,  
THE WIND AT PEACE WITH THE WAVES,  
AND THE LAND AT PEACE WITH THE SEA  
AND THE BRAVE AT PEACE WITH THE BRAVE.

GINNI STEINBACH

FLOATING  
ON SILENT WINGS  
GENTLE AS A BREEZE,  
DRIFTING  
FROM PALE BLOOM  
TO PALE BLOOM,  
SWEEPING THE COBWEBS  
FROM THE DUSTY CORNERS  
OF MY IMAGINATION.

JULIE HOFFMAN

JOHN "I LOVE YOU"  
WINGING THROUGH THE GOLDEN EASTERN SKY.  
FLYING LIKE NO OTHER SEAGULL'S FLIGHT,  
GAINING HIS FREEDOM WITH EVERY HEIGHT.  
JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL

GLIDING THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE  
FASTEST OF SPEED.  
SEEING THE SIGHTS NO OTHERS SEE  
EXPANDING HIS WINGS ACROSS THE SEA  
HOW BEAUTIFUL IT IS WHEN A SEAGULL  
IS FREE  
JONATHAN LIVINGSTON  
SEAGULL

SALLIE YOUNGBLOOD

## CLOUDS

WHITE CLOUDS  
FLOATING, SOFT, QUIET  
A BIRD OF PEACE

DARK CLOUDS  
CRASHING, LOUD, ANGRY  
BRINGING DEATH

VALERIE CREVELING



DRAWING  
by  
TERRY BARNETT





## THE RIVER

RIVER OF BLUE  
WINDING THROUGH GREEN GRASS  
NOT REMEMBERING ALL  
THE TREES THAT PASSED.

AGING WITH BEAETH.  
WISDOM WITH GRACE.  
LIFE'S OWN FACE.

STRETCHING BEYOND THE  
REALM  
OF REALITY.  
GIVING OFF AN AIR OF  
SECRET SERENITY.

CASTING A WORLD  
WITH LIFE ALL  
ITS OWN.  
STRETCHING A PATH WHICH  
THE UNIVERSE HAS GROWN.-

FOLLOWING THE LIFE OF  
CIVILIZATIONS PAST,  
FEEDING ON GREEN GRASS.

HOW LONG WILL IT  
LAST?  
THIS FLOOD OF FORGOTTEN  
TEARS  
WIPING AWAY HUMANITIES'  
FEARS .

WHEN WILL IT DIE  
AND PEOPLE TRULY CRY?

JIM BROGAN

OFF INTO THE COUNTRYSIDE  
DEEP ON THE SIDES OF THE ROADS  
IS A SILENT PEACE.

THE SILENCE OF THE TREES  
LIKE SNOWFLACES  
NO ONE ALIKE.

DEEP IN THESE WOODS  
WALKED A MAN  
AND IN HIM WAS  
THIS SILENT PEACE,  
IN HIS CLOTHES AND HIS  
FADED HAIR  
WAS A SADNESS TOO DEEP  
FOR WORDS  
AND HE KEEPS ON WALKING.  
IN HIS EYES YOU CAN FEEL  
A QUIET STILLNESS.  
HIS SADDENED EXPRESSION  
SEEMS TO BELONG THERE.

SHELAH NORMAN

## "WINTER"

WHEN THE LAST LEAF  
FROM THE LAST TREE  
FALLS GENTLY TO THE GROUND  
WITH A RESOUNDING  
CRASH  
WE WILL STILL WAIT  
FOR SPRING

JULIE HOFFMAN

## SOLITUDE

IF SOLITUDE KILLS, THEN I HAVE BEEN DEAD FOR  
MANY YEARS,  
SOLITUDE BRINGS, HOWEVER, STILLNESS OF THE SOUL,  
AND STRONGNESS OF THE HEART  
UNFORTUNATELY, MANY PEOPLE ARE AFRAID OF SOLITUDE  
AS IT ALLOWS NO MERCY  
YOU ARE FORCED TO LOOK DEEP INTO YOURSELF  
FOR ANSWERS  
YET SOLITUDE IS MY HOME, AND OFFERS ME PROTECTION,  
WHILE TEACHING ME WHAT I NEED TO KNOW.

VALERIE CREVELING



## FATHER AND DAUGHTER

YOU ARE MY ONLY CHILD  
 I OWE EVERYTHING TO YOU  
 YOU OWN NOTHING TO ME  
 PLEASE HELP ME UNDERSTAND YOU.  
 WE'RE SO MUCH ALIKE  
 WE CAN HELP EACH OTHER  
 BY EXPRESSING OUR FEELINGS.

GINA HORMEL

I HEARD A SONG JUST NOW  
 IT TOLD OF A MAN  
 HE SAID HE WAS A ROCK  
 HE LIVED IN A ROOM CUT OFF  
 FROM THE WORLD.  
 I WAS A BIRD, NOW I'M A GRAIN  
 A ROCK FEELS NO PAIN  
 A GRAIN OF SAND IS FRESHLY FORMED  
 OF PAIN  
 BUT WILL TRANSFORM  
 INTO A ROCK

THERESA WILLIAMS

## CHANGING

YOU'RE JUST STARTING TO IMPROVE  
 THEN YOU OR SOMEONE ELSE  
     FINDS YOU FALLING BACK  
 YOU IMMEDIATELY WANT  
 TO JUMP BACK UP  
     BUT YOU'RE IN THE HABIT  
     SO DEEP, YOU FIND IT HARD  
 YOU SLOWLY START TO IMPROVE.  
 ONCE YOU'RE THERE, YOU HAVE TO BE STRONG  
 TO STAY THERE.

GINA HORMEL

GO MY CHILD,  
 RUN INTO THE WIND,  
 LAUGH LIKE A LARK,  
 AND SPEAK THE WORDS OF INNOCENCE  
 CRY, CRY WHEN YOU WISH,  
 YOU HAVE PLENTY OF TIME  
 TO GROW INTO A MAN,  
 PLENTY OF TIME TO LEARN NOT TO FEEL.  
 SO BE A CHILD MY SON,  
 IF ONLY I HAD HAD THE CHANCE...

VALERIE CREVELING

## THE OLD MAN

TWISTED, GNARLED  
BEATEN BY FATE  
WITH EYES LADEN WITH FEAR,

LIVING IN DARKNESS  
AFRAID OF THE LIGHT  
THE OLD MAN CRIED HIS TIME AWAY.

LEFT IN A CORNER  
NEVER TO RECOVER,  
THE OLD MAN SLOWLY DIES.

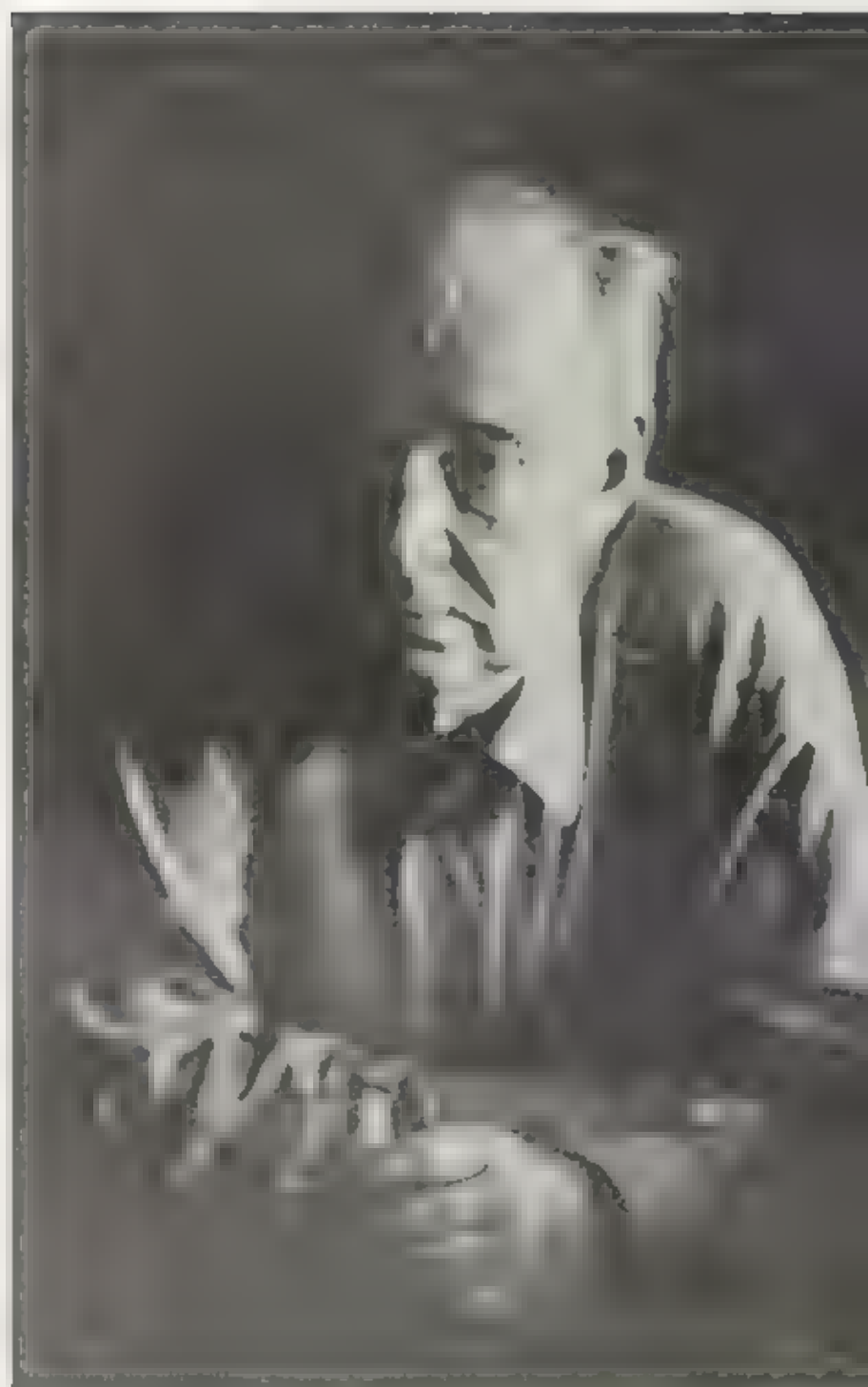
TAKE A BIT OF TIME  
AND GIVE IT AWAY,  
HE'S NOT DEAT, YET.

VALERIE CREVELING

## NEWSPAPER MAN

OLD MAN  
STUMBLING THROUGH  
WITH YOUR PAPERS  
YOUR VALANT EYES  
DONT REALIZE  
WHERE YOU ARE.  
YOU PASS ON THROUGH  
NO ONE BUYS A PAPER  
YOU DON'T CARE  
YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW  
YOU DO KNOW  
THAT SOMEONE  
WILL BUY ONE  
SOMEONE  
WHO PITTIES  
YOUR STUMBLING  
VACANT MIND.

JULIE HOFFAMAN



THE MAN IS SITTING ALONE IN HIS CHAIR. HIS FACE IS WRINKLED WITH LINES OF ANTICIPATION, ANGUISH, AND DEEP LONGING. HIS SHOULDERS SLUMP WITH A RESIGNED LOOK. HE USED TO FIGHT FOR HIS RIGHTS AND STAND TALL. SO MUCH PAIN FOR HIM NOW; HE'S OLD AND TIRED. HIS STANCE SHOWS HIS TIREDNESS. WHEN HE WAS YOUNG HE BELIEVED IN INDIVIDUALISM, BUT NOW HE'S JUST AN IMMOVABLE NOTHING, BORED OF THINKING, BORED OF EMOTION, NOT CARING. ALONE, LIKE THE REST OF THE WORLD; IT'S TIME TO LEAVE.

THERESA WILLIAMS



## DAFFODIL

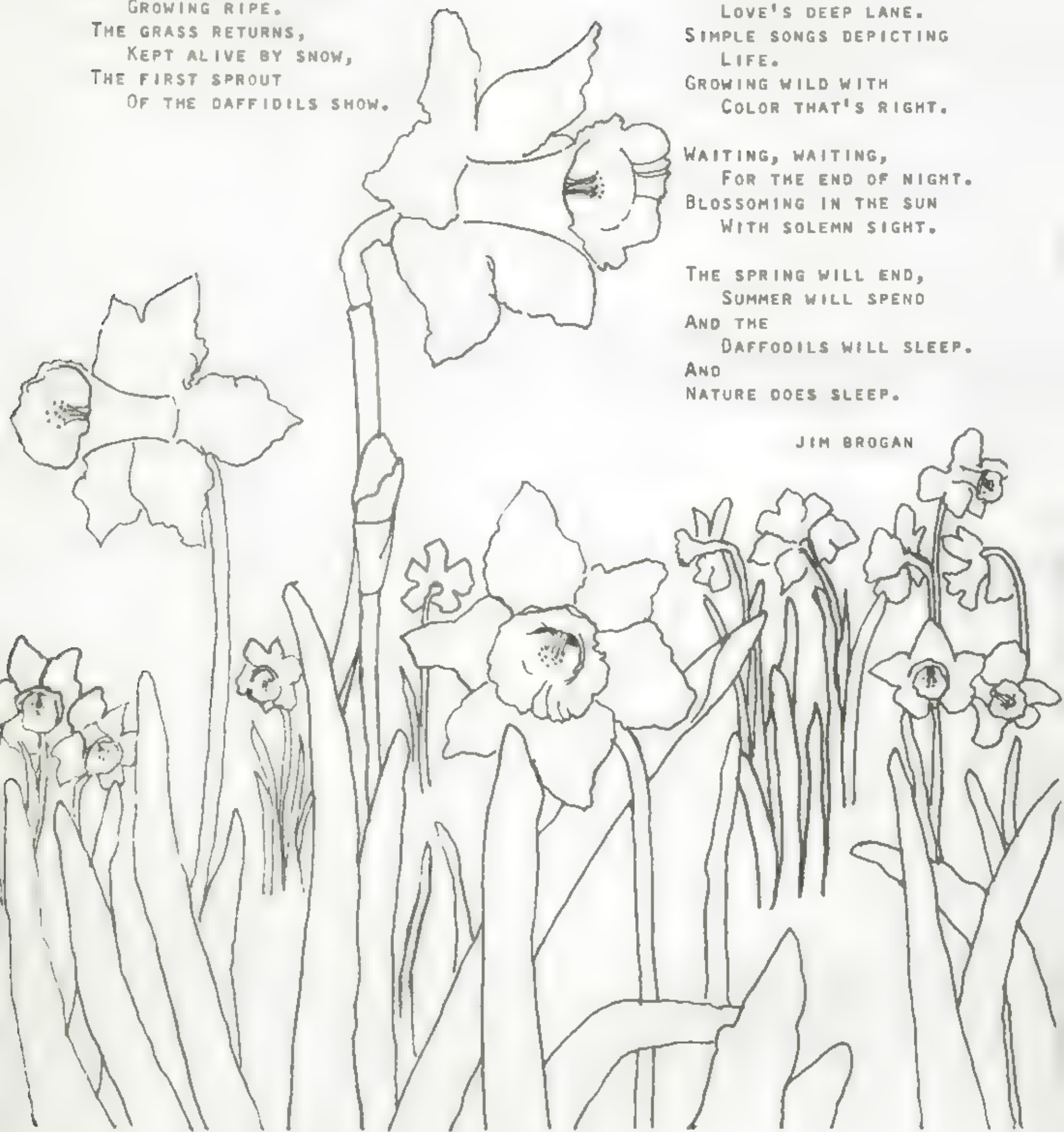
SPRING SHOWERS  
BRINGING NEW LIFE.  
THINGS BECOMING GREEN,  
GROWING RIPE.  
THE GRASS RETURNS,  
KEPT ALIVE BY SNOW,  
THE FIRST SPROUT  
OF THE DAFFODILS SHOW.

YELLOW FLOWERS OF LEGENDS PAST.  
MAIDEN EYES WITHIN  
GREEN GRASS.  
GROWING STRONG WITH SOFT  
SPRING RAIN.  
COMFORTING PILLOWS OF  
LOVE'S DEEP LANE.  
SIMPLE SONGS DEPICTING  
LIFE.  
GROWING WILD WITH  
COLOR THAT'S RIGHT.

WAITING, WAITING,  
FOR THE END OF NIGHT.  
BLOSSOMING IN THE SUN  
WITH SOLEMN SIGHT.

THE SPRING WILL END,  
SUMMER WILL SPEND  
AND THE  
DAFFODILS WILL SLEEP.  
AND  
NATURE DOES SLEEP.

JIM BROGAN



what can i say when i'm down, so down i can't talk,  
i can't move, i can't think,

what can i say when i know i'm wrong,  
when i know i'm the only one who can help.

i go half crazy with anger in myself for making you  
mad at me. i feel half dead from pain and worry, worry  
of losing you. i can't, not now, not ever

What can i do when i'm so turned around that i don't know  
which way is up, which way is down, and which way is right?

i love you, \*\*\*\*\*

the only one i have left to hold,

the only one who has cared for me,

and now to lose you?

No.

what can i say? ...

THEY CAN CONTROL MY  
ACTIONS WITH WORDS AND HATE,  
BUT...  
THEY WILL NEVER  
TOUCH MY MIND.

VALERIE CREVELING



WORDS  
WHAT DO THEY MEAN  
REALLY?  
SYMBOLS  
WHAT DO THEY SAY?  
PEOPLE  
WHAT DO THEY ACT?  
DEATHS  
WHAT DO THEY END?

TAMI DUMONT

TIME

WHY  
MUST I  
DIE  
JUST WHEN TIME  
IS OPENING HER EYES  
TO ME AND MINE?

VALERIE CREVELING

KNOWLEDGE

I CAN ONLY KNOW THAT  
MUCH OF MYSELF WHICH I HAVE  
HAD THE COURAGE TO CONFIDE TO YOU  
YOU ARE MY IMAGE AND  
SELF BEING  
MY PRIDE  
LIES WITHIN YOUR HANDS

GINA HORMEL





## SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN FREEKS

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WERE SEVEN DOPE FREEKS, SOMETIMES KNOWN AS THE SEVEN DWARVES. THERE WAS DOPEY WHO WAS AN ALL AROUND DOPE FREEK, THEN THERE WAS HAPPY WHO WAS ALWAYS DOING ACID, AND THEN THERE WAS SNEEZY WHO WAS A DEFINITE COCAINE HEAD, THEN CAME SLEEPY WHO WOULDN'T STAY OFF THOSE REDS. NEXT WAS GRUMPY WHO WAS ALWAYS WIRED ON THE SPEED HE KEPT DOING, AND THEN CAME BASHFUL WHO WAS SO BASHFUL THAT HE WAS TOO BASHFUL TO TELL ANYONE WHAT HE WAS ON, AND THEN CAME OLD DOC WHO WAS THEIR CONNECTION. ONE DAY THEY WERE ALL SKIPPING THROUGH THE WOODS SINGING, "HI HIGH, HI HO, WE'RE STONED FROM HEAD TO TOE, WE ALWAYS DROP, WE ALWAYS POP, HI HIGH, HI HO." THEN THEY CAME TO A BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS CRYING BY A TREE. SNEEZY RAN UP TO THE PRINCESS AND SAID, "WHAT'S RONG?" THEN BASHFUL SAID, "I KNOW WHAT'S WRONG," AND EVERYONE LOOKED AT HIM WITH CONCERNED FACES, THEN HE SAID, "BUT I'M TOO BASHFUL TO TELL YOU. THEN SNOW WHITE STOOD UP AND WITH TEARS IN HER EYES, SAID, "I RAN OUT OF COCAINE AND NOW I'M NOT SNOW WHITE ANY MORE." THEN DOC CAME UP TO HER AND SAID, "HI, I'M DOC AND I THINK I CAN HELP YOU," THEN HE HANDED HER FIVE SPOONS OF COCAINE OUT OF HIS BLACK BAG. SNOW WHITE WAS SO HAPPY THAT SHE EVEN MADE HAPPY LOOK SAD. SHE ASKED ALL THE DWARVES TO COME AND STAY WITH HER SO THEY ALL WENT TRUKIN' THROUGH THE FORREST TO SNOW WHITE'S HOUSE.

NOT FAR FROM SNOW'S HOUSE LIVED AN OLD WITCH JUNKIE WHO THOUGHT SHE WAS THE BEST LOOKIN' CHICK IN ALL THE FORREST. ONE DAY SHE GOT UP TIED OFF HER ARM AND HIT HERSELF UP, AND THEN WALKED TO HER MIRROR AND SAID, "MIRROR, MIRROR, ON THE WALL, WHO IN THE WOODS IS THE BEST BALL?" THE MIRROR OPENED HIS EYES AND SAID "IT SURE AIN'T YOU, WITCH, YOU'RE A WICKED OLD BITCH: IT MUST BE SNOW WHITE, SHE IS JUST RIGHT." THE WITCH TURNED RED AND PICKED UP THE MIRROR AND BROKE IT ON THE FLOOR. THE MIRROR LOOKED AT HER AND SAID, "SEVEN YEARS OF BAD LUCK, YOU OLD HAG." JUST THEN THE WITCH'S EYES BRIGHTENED AS SHE GOT AN EVIL IDEA. SHE RAN OVER TO HER CUPBOARD AND GOT OUT AN APPLE AND SHINED IT UP WITH D.D.T. THE APPLE LOOKED SO GOOD SHE WANTED TO EAT IT HERSELF, THEN SHE GOT OUT HER RIG AND HIT UP THE APPLE WITH STRICHNINE, THEN SHE WALKED DOWN TO SNOW WHITE'S HOUSE AND KNOCKED ON THE DOOR. SNOW CAME TO THE DOOR AND THE WITCH SAID "ARE YOU THE ONLY ONE HOME? SNOW SAID, "YES. I HAVE SEVEN LITTLE FRIENDS THAT ARE STAYING WITH ME BUT THEY ARE NOT HERE RIGHT NOW. WHY?, SHE SAID. CAN I HELP YOU?" YES THE WITCH SAID. I WANTED TO BRING YOU THESE LOVELY APPLES. "THANK YOU, SNOW WHITE SAID. THE WITCH LEFT. SNOW WHITE CLOSED THE DOOR AND TOOK A BITE OF THE APPLE. SHE FREAKED OUT AND PASSED OUT ON THE FLOOR. JUST ABOUT THEN THE DOPE FREEKS GOT HOME, THEY ALL RAN OVER TO HER. DOC KNEELED OVER HER AND STUDIED HER FOR A WHILE AND THEN SAID, "SHE'S O.D. ALL RIGHT. "IT MUST BE THE WICKED OLD JUNKIE WITCH," HAPPY SAID AS HE LAUGHED. SLEEPY SAID, "I THINK I'LL LAY DOWN NEXT TO HER AND GO TO SLEEP. GRUMPY SAID, "SHUT YOUR MOUTH, YOU LAZY BUM." THEN DOPEY SAID, "I'VE READ THIS STORY BEFORE. THE SKY IS FALLING." JUST THEN THEY HEARD A NOISE. DOC LOOKED OUT THE WINDOW. THERE WAS A PRINCE ON A HARLY SPORTSTER WITH A PAIR OF HOT BLACK LEATHERS ON AND SOME BIG BLACK SHIT KICKER BOOTS ON, HIS HAIR WAS DOWN TO HIS BELT. HE GOT OFF HIS MOTOR AND WALKED UP TO THE HOUSE AND KICKED DOWN THE DOOR, THEN HE TROMPED OVER TO SNOW, LAY DOWN NEXT TO HER AND KISSED HER. JUST THEN SHE WOKE UP, LOOKED AT THE HANDSOME PRINCE, AND SCREAMED, RAPE! RAPE! THE PIGS DROVE UP AND BUSTED THE PRINCE, AND SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN FREEKS LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

## THE TREK OF AN ANCIENT MIND

IT SEEMED  
THAT OUT OF A DISTANT MEMORY,  
A THOUGHT ESCAPED.  
AND IT FLEW THROUGH THE BARRIERS OF TIME  
WITH NO KNOWLEDGE OF ITS DIRECTION  
OR WHERE THE END WAS.  
AND THOUSANDS OF SOULS TRIED TO REACH OUT  
AND GRASP IT,  
BUT IT FLITTED THROUGH THE MISTY FINGERS  
AND FLEW ON OUT OF SIGHT.

EYES OF DARKNESS FOLLOWED IT ALONG ITS PATH,  
BUT A WISDOM FROM THE DISTANT PAST  
PROTECTED IT FROM THEIR WRATH.

IT TRAVELED ON THROUGH TWILITE VOIDS,  
AND CIRCLED BLAZING SUNS.  
IT SKIPPED ACROSS THE TOPS OF WORLDS UNKNOWN TO  
ALL WHO RUN.

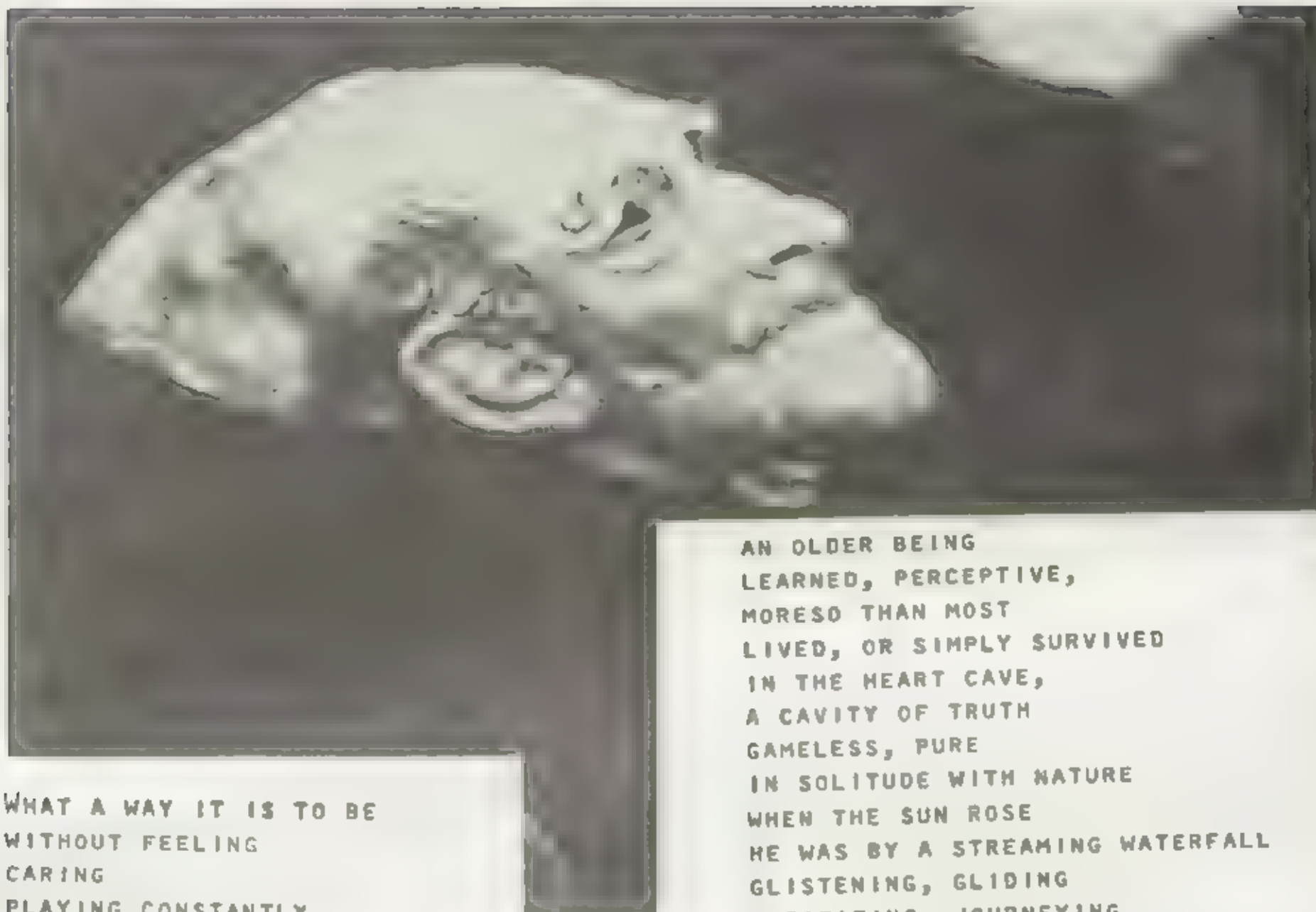
AND THEN IT FELL WITHIN THE SIGHT  
OF COUNTLESS SHINING EYES.  
AND THEY TRIED TO PRY THE KNOWLEDGE  
OF COUNTLESS AGES  
AND LET IT LEAK INTO THE SKY.

BUT FROM THE STARS  
THERE CAME A HAND  
TO PROTECT IT FROM OLD SCARS  
AND HELP IT TRAVEL ON TO TIMES  
DISTANT AND SO FAR.

THROUGH BARRIERS OF AGE  
UNKNOWN OR SEEN  
UPON THE TWILIGHT PAGE,  
IT WAS NEVER STOPPED BY ANY MIND  
THAT WOULD BUILD A CEASELESS CAGE.

AND IN THE END  
THERE CAME A DAY  
WHEN TIME WAS TOLD TO STAY,  
AND INNOCENCE SLEPT  
AND NEVER CREPT  
UPON THE WANDERING WAY.

JIM BROGAN



WHAT A WAY IT IS TO BE  
 WITHOUT FEELING  
 CARING  
 PLAYING CONSTANTLY  
 TIL OTHERS TRY  
 TRY TO IGNORE  
 BUT THEN  
 IN THE END  
 YOU PLAY MORE.  
 WHAT A WAY IT IS TO BE  
 WITHOUT FEELING  
 CARING  
 NOT HAVING  
 MAYBE THE TIME  
 TO SEE WHAT  
 A SLY FEW DO  
 PLAYING CONSTANTLY  
 NOT KNOWING  
 ENOUGH  
 WHEN TO SPEAK  
 TRUE F  
     E  
     E  
     L  
     I  
     N  
     G  
         HOW  
         SAD  
 FOR YOU AND OTHERS

TAMI DUMONT

AN OLDER BEING  
 LEARNED, PERCEPTIVE,  
 MORESO THAN MOST  
 LIVED, OR SIMPLY SURVIVED  
 IN THE HEART CAVE,  
 A CAVITY OF TRUTH  
 GAMELESS, PURE  
 IN SOLITUDE WITH NATURE  
 WHEN THE SUN ROSE  
 HE WAS BY A STREAMING WATERFALL  
 GLISTENING, GLIDING  
 MEDITATING, JOURNEYING  
 WHEN THE SUN SANK  
 HE WAS BY A SWEETENING WATERFALL  
 GENTLY HIDING  
 PAST THE STATE OF BODY AND EGO  
 WHEN THE MOON SHONE  
 HE WAS NOT VISIBLE  
 BUT WAS  
 LIVING OR SIMPLY SURVIVING  
 IN THE HEART CAVE  
 TRAVELING BEYOND,  
 BEYOND PLACES EVER IMAGINABLE  
 ETERNAL EXISTENCE  
 NO DEATH OF MIND

TAMI DUMONT

# "ON THE DEATH OF A BUMBLEBEE"

HEAVILY  
 THE OLD BEE STUMBLES,  
 DIPPING TOWARD  
 AN OPEN  
 LILY  
 FOR ONE, LAST,  
 COOL  
 DRINK.

JULIE HOFFMAN



THE MUSIC IS EXPLODING INSIDE THE ROOM,  
AND MY HEAD,  
BUT SILENCE WOULD LIE TOO HEAVY.  
WHAT SORROWS KEEP US FROM THINKING?  
THOUGHT BRINGS TOO MUCH FEAR...  
AND PAIN.  
TURN UP THE....NOISE.

THEY ARE LOOKING,  
LAUGHING,  
WONDERING,  
TRYING TO SEE  
A PART OF MY WORLD.  
BUT THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND,  
AND HOW CAN I EXPLAIN  
MY NEED TO RUN,  
TO HIDE,  
AND TRY TO THINK IT OUT.

VALERIE CREVELING

COMMUNISM IS EVIDENCED  
IN THE TEACHINGS OF SCHOOLS.  
ONE IS LOCKED IN A ROOM  
WITH NO HOPE OF ESCAPE,  
AND FED DATA, WHICH IS  
TO BE STORED UNTIL CALLED FOR...  
NO!

VALERIE CREVELING

## DESERT SUNRISE

A PALE LIGHT SIFTED  
THROUGH THE DARKNESS  
OVER THE DESERT.  
THE PENCIL-THIN CLOUDS  
JUST INCHES OVER THE HORIZON  
WERE SHOT WITH SILVER ARROWS.  
THE SILVER ARROWS MELTED,  
COATING THE CLOUDS.  
THE ARCHER,  
NOT SATISFIED,  
THEN SHOT GOLDEN ARROWS.  
THEY ALSO MELTED,  
TURNING THE CLOUDS GOLD.  
HAVING SOME ARROWS LEFT,  
HE SHOT THEM INTO THE SKY  
LEAVING GOLDEN STREAKS.  
SUDDENLY THE WHOLE SKY  
TURNED ROSE,  
LIKE A WHOLE GARDEN  
SUDDENLY COMING INTO BLOOM.  
THE FLOWERS, AS THEY OPENED,  
TURNED DARKER AND BRIGHTER.  
SUDDENLY!  
THE SUN ROSE  
THE BEAUTIFUL RED ARCHER  
BURNING  
IN THE EASTERN SKY.

JULIE HOFFMAN

## "ARIZONA"

HOT MOLTEN GOLD  
SPILLING DOWN  
ON THE WHITE SAND  
TURNING IT GOLDEN  
GLOWING IN THE HEAT  
BURNING MY EYES  
EMBRACING THE EARTH  
GIVING IT WARMTH  
AND LIFE  
FLOWING OUT  
FROM A GREAT  
BURNING  
RED CAULDRON  
IN THE SKY.

JULIE HOFFMAN

## REALIZATION

THE SUNSHINE BRINGS A GENTLE FLIGHT BACK DOWN  
TO REALITY  
THE SAME INEVITABLE TRUTHS ARE FOUND WAITING.  
THE BRIEF FLIGHT, HOWEVER, HAS NOT LEFT  
THE AIR STAGNATED,  
THE DIFFERENCE IS UNTANGIBLE, SUBTLE, ETHERREAL  
BUT IT EXISTS  
DAYLIGHT IS LESS AND LESS HARSH  
IS IT RESIGNATION OR UNDERSTANDING WITHIN THE MIND?  
THE BORDER GOES IN AND OUT OF FOCUS--  
CHALLENGING SANITY OR PERHAPS JUST PLAYING GAMES  
DISCREPANCIES ARE ALLOWED, BUT ONLY BY THE HOUR--  
THEY ARE TOO EXPENSIVE  
THE PENDULUM INSISTS ON SWINGING  
BUT EACH TIME IT TIRES A LITTLE  
UNTIL FINALLY IT STOPS AT THE POINT OF ORIGIN  
WASN'T IT ALWAYS DESTINED TO BE THERE?

TERRY BARNETT



## "THE DANCE"

THE BEAT BEGAN SLOWLY,  
THUMP, THUMP, THUMP,  
DEEP AND RHYTHMICALLY.  
SOLEMN AND ALONE AT FIRST,  
IT SWELLED AS OTHERS  
TOOK UP THE BEAT.  
GRADUALLY IT BECAME A TATTOO  
OF SOUND,  
THROBBING IN IT'S RHYTHM.  
A BOY BEGAN MOVING  
SPINNING AND TWISTING  
TO THE HEAVY BEAT.  
OTHER DANCERS JOINED  
FORMING A SWIRLING BODY  
OF MOVEMENT  
AND SOUND.

JULIE HOFFMAN

## A TIME WILL COME

A TIME WILL COME  
WHEN WE MUST SAY GOOD-BYE.  
OFTEN I WILL THINK OF YOU  
OFTEN I WILL SMILE  
FOR THE MEMORY I HOLD FOR YOU  
FOREVER WILL IT MAKE ANOTHER DAY  
AND ONLY HAVING KNOWN YOU  
MAKES ME A BETTER PERSON  
IN MANY DIFFERENT WAYS  
YES, A TIME WILL COME  
AND I'LL REALIZE  
THAT YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE  
THE ONLY ONE TO MAKE ME SMILE,  
THE ONLY ONE I WILL PRAY FOR  
WISHING YOU WOULD COME.

GINA HORMEL

## "JUGGLER"

THE HAPPY COLORED BALLS  
FLEW IN A CIRCLE  
MAGIC FROM HIS HANDS  
HYPNOTISING HIS AUDIENCE.  
HIS RED LIPS FORMED WORDS  
JUGGLING THEM INTO A POEM  
AS HE JUGGLED HIS BALLS.  
FOR A BRIEF MOMENT  
HE PULLED THEIR MINDS  
AWAY FROM THE DRUDGERIES  
OF EVERYDAY LIFE.  
HE WAS A JESTER  
LIKE THE CLOWNS OF OLD  
WHO SHOWED KINGS  
THE BEAUTY  
AND INSANITY  
OF LIFE.  
I REALIZED  
AS I WATCHED  
THAT HE JUGGLED  
THEIR MINDS.

JULIE HOFFMAN

## ALL I NEED IS TRUST

THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT,  
SOMETHING I NEED,  
THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE GOT TO HAVE.  
I WANT THE FEELING INSIDE OF BEING TRUSTED,  
BUT TO SOME OTHERS, I CAN'T BE ME.

I NEED THE ELEGANCE,  
I NEED THE GRACE,  
I NEED THE PERFECT CHARM  
TO BE FREE OF THE OVER-PROTECTING BONDS,  
WHICH DO NOT ALLOW MYSELF TO BE ME.

I NEED SOMEONE TO STAND UP BEHIND ME,  
WHENEVER I'M DOWN, WHENEVER I'M FREE.

I WANT TO BE ME,  
ONLY ME,  
I WANT TO HAVE THE TRUST  
AND THE LOVE THAT SOMEONE HAS  
FINALLY GIVEN ME  
THE LOVE WHICH ALLOWS ME TO  
BE FREE.



## DEATH OF A TREE

### THE TREE

#### A TREE

GREW FROM A SEED,  
STANDING TALL  
IT STARTED OUT VERY SMALL  
SHOWING AGE  
ONCE IT WAS AGELESS  
NEVER BENDING  
IT USED TO TOPPLE  
DEFYING  
WIND, RAIN, SNOW  
BUT NOT MAN  
THE TREE IS DEAD

JIM BROGAN

SCREECHING MOANING CREAKING BREAKING  
THE NAAAAAWING SAW  
CONTINUOUSLY FORCING  
HUNDREDS OF YEARS, SPEEDING DOWN  
IN SECONDS  
ONCE TOWERING OVER MAN AND EARTH  
NOW CRUSHED

TAMI DUMONT



### "THE TREE"

IT WAS THE TALLEST TREE  
I HAD EVER SEEN,  
BUT IT SLANTED  
TOWARD THE NORTH.  
AS I STOOD UP,  
I SUDDENLY NOTICED  
THE STUMP I HAD BEEN  
SITTING ON.  
IT HAD BEEN TALLER  
THAN THE OTHER  
IT HAD BEEN MUCH OLDER  
NOW IT WAS DEAD.  
AS I TURNED AWAY  
WITH TEARS IN MY EYES,  
MY ATTENTION WAS CAUGHT  
BY A FEW BEADS ON THE TOP  
OF THE DEAD STUMP.  
IT WAS NOT DEAD.  
MAYBE IT WOULD GROW  
AND LIVE AGAIN.  
MAYBE.

JULIE HOFFMAN

"FOR SOMEONE"

I ALMOST SAW YOU,  
BUT I MISSED YOU.  
I ALMOST TOUCHED YOUR HAND,  
BUT I ONLY FOUND A SHADOW.  
I ALMOST HEARD YOUR WHISPER,  
BUT IT PASSED ME LIKE  
A BREEZE  
AND I PASSED YOU BY  
LIKE YOU WERE NEVER THERE  
AT ALL.

JULIE HOFFMAN

LAUGHING  
LEAPING  
IN ECSTATIC JOY  
MY FEELINGS RUN  
IN A GREEN FIELD  
NAKED IN THEIR PURE ABANDON  
GLOWING WITH THE WARMTH  
OF A SPARK  
A TOUCH  
JOYFUL TEARS  
WET THE FACE  
OF MY EMOTIONS  
CALMING MY MIND  
TO QUIET BLISS.

JULIE HOFFMAN

"SATURDAY"

SLUFFISHLY,  
THE RAIN  
RATTLES DOWN  
HEAVILY  
ON THE  
OUTDOOR GRILL  
WRAPPING  
OUR BOREDOM  
IN A SHROUD  
OF MELANCHOLY  
GRAY  
CLOUDS.

JULIE HOFFMAN

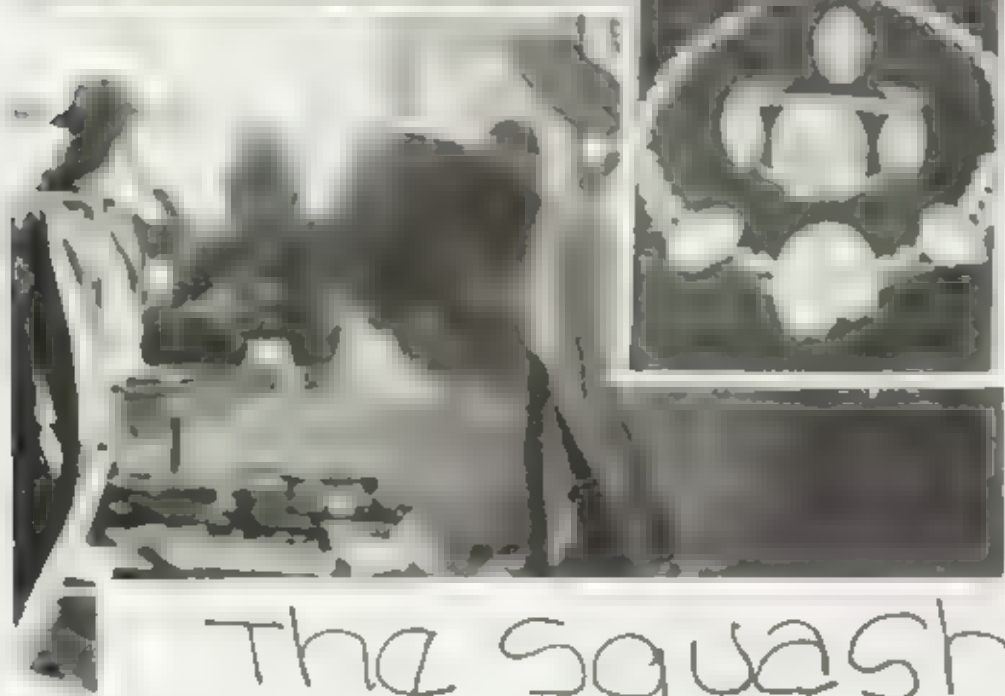
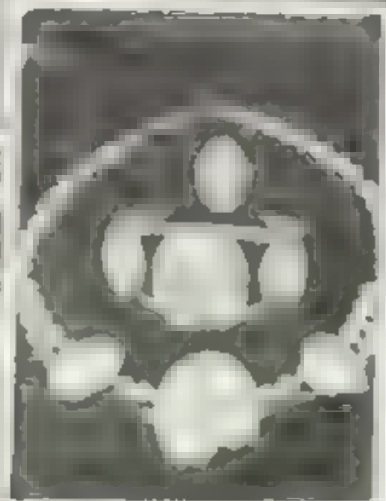
"LOVE ME"

RUN WITH ME  
HOLD MY HAND  
LOVE ME  
CLIMB THE TREE  
OF DESIRE WITH ME  
CLING TO ME  
AS I CLING TO YOU  
TOUCH ME  
WARM ME  
LOVE ME  
LEAP INTO THE AIR  
FLY AWAY WITH ME  
LIKE BIRDS  
WEATHERING THE STORM  
THAT THREATENS  
TO TEAR US APART  
HOLD ME  
FEEL MY HEART BEAT  
LOVE ME.

JULIE HOFFMAN

I SAW YOU  
FOR THE FIRST TIME  
IN A FOREVER.  
YOU TOUCHED ME  
HELD ME CLOSE  
FOR A MOMENT  
THEN TURNED AWAY.  
WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN  
LIKE THAT  
TRYING TO TOUCH  
TRYING TO CARE  
BUT RUNNING  
SCARED  
WHEN IT HAPPENS.

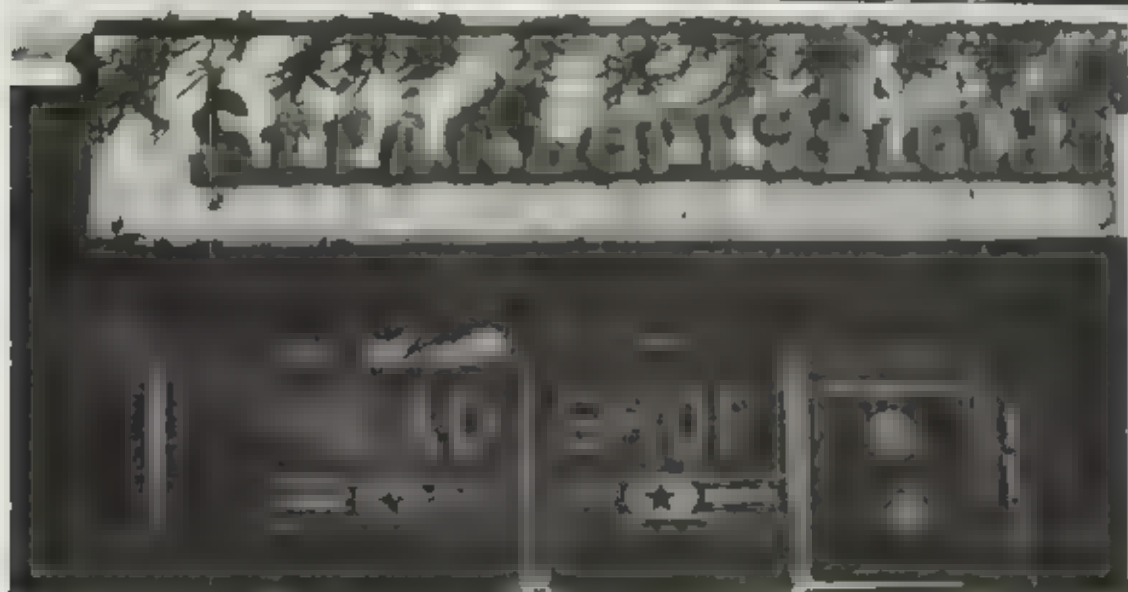
JULIE HOFFMAN



The Squash Blossom  
The highest quality authentic  
Indian hand-made jewelry



Strawberry Fields  
4 ever.



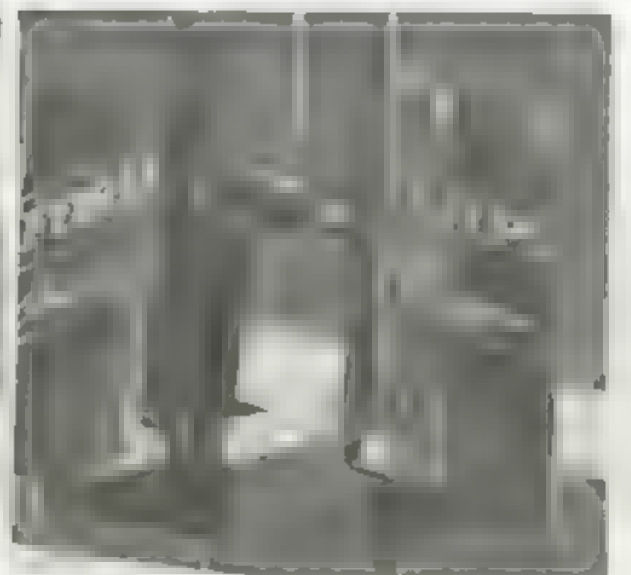




you dont  
walk away  
you Drive  
away  
from  
maher  
Brothers  
FORD



315 North  
Ewing  
35 south to the  
eighth street  
exit then  
right 1 block



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HAPPY TRAILS  
TO SENIORS  
FROM FRANK J. BROGAN CO., INC.

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And best wishes from

Mary Lou Wadsworth

Lee Ida Wacker

Better Bacus

author unknown

**L**isten, listen, listen  
to my heart's song

**L**isten, listen, listen  
to my heart's song

**I** will never forget you

**I** will never forsake you

**I** will never forget you

**I** will never forsake you.

















